The Outlook

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Cold, but no Coal

IT is decidedly doubtful whether the implied threat of a bituminous coal strike made in the open letter of Mr. Lewis, head of the United Mine Workers, to President Coolidge, will be carried out. It would not help the anthracite miners, it would make matters much worse for the bituminous union miners, and it would enrage the consumers of both kinds of coal.

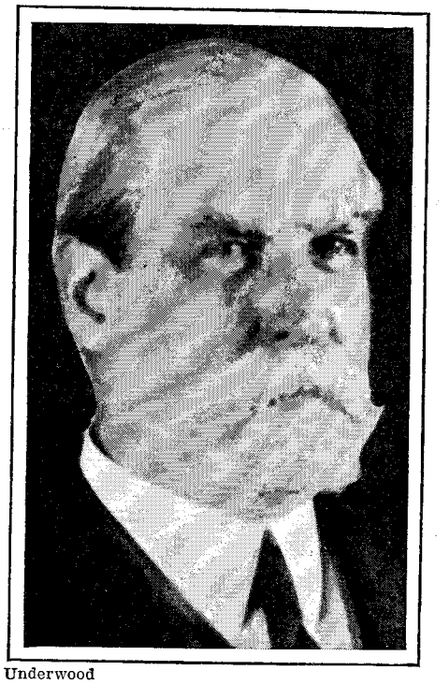
Mr. Lewis based his demand for Governmental action on the ground that the existing contract was made with the consent and co-operation of the Federal Departments of Labor, Commerce, and Justice. This did not imply any undertaking to enforce the contract by the Government; unofficial reports say that the President is informed that the Government's only action as to the agreement was in assuring the operators that they would not be held guilty of violating the Anti-Trust Act if they entered into the negotiations. The President, it is understood, is not shaken in his view that he cannot intervene in the strike.

What is not stated in Mr. Lewis's letter is that the bituminous contract fell to pieces because of the condition of the bituminous business. With its labor partly unionized but largely not, and with excessive over-production, union mines could not compete, many closed, and union miners were constantly taking jobs at non-union mines.

The cold weather is almost here, and there seems to be no improvement in the strike situation. Congress will no doubt take up the subject, and probably will be urged to action by the President's Message. Senator Borah will reintroduce his bill ignored by the last Congress, and other bills will be introduced. But all this will not soon put the miners' picks to work. Meanwhile the public, the third and unwilling party in this controversy, is becoming more and more condemnatory of the strikers' insistence that arbitration is impossible and of the operators' attitude that profits are not to be brought into the discussion. The consumer is not at all convinced that wages must positively be raised, or, that if they are, the consumer must pay the bill by increase in already excessively high prices. On these and other points he wants more light; but most of all he wants more heat.

The Call for Mr. Hughes

SCARCELY had Charles Evans Hughes been welcomed by his fellow-townsmen of New York City back into private life before he was called again into the public service. The task was awaiting some one in whose disinterestedness, unquestioned integrity, capacity for work, grasp of details, experience in public affairs, and constructive statesmanship the people had confidence. It was the task of reorganizing the Government of the State of New York in accordance with the mandate issued by the people of the State through a Constitutional amendment adopted in the last election. Of course for this task every one acknowledged Mr. Hughes's special fitness.



Underwood

Charles Evans Hughes

In his speech at the dinner given him by his fellow-townsmen he made it clear that he had no hankering for political position. "While it is a privilege to hold public office," he said, "it is the life beyond the political grave that is the best. In one respect the servant of the people is like the Apostle—he 'dies daily.' . . . One in public life may desire others to have illusions about it, but he has none."

In response to the urging of others, however, he has undertaken the task. He fortunately enters upon his duties free from any partisan obligations. The reform is one which years ago was advocated by eminent Republicans and was finally put through under the skillful campaigning of Governor Smith, a Democrat. As president of the Commission to frame the new organization he has associated with him men of both parties. The Commission over which Mr. Hughes presides is nominally unofficial, but by virtue of its personnel it has such standing that its advice will have in fact more force than the conclusions of many an official body have had.

The President's Speech and a "Liberal" Comment

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S speech before the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York on November 20 has evoked comment in Europe.

That part of it in which he contrasted the present attitude of business toward its obligations to the community with its attitude during the period of anti-trust legislation was apparently misunderstood in some quarters abroad. He pointed out that there was no such need for restrictive legislation now, when business generally shows a disposition to correct its own abuses, as there was when the Government was establishing its power to prevent private unregulated monopoly. While therefore recognizing the survival of some of the prejudices of an earlier day and urging vigilance against relapse into old abuses, he paid a tribute to the service which business was rendering to the welfare of the country. It was not at all the vainglorious rehearsal of American virtue. From that he went on to describe some of the things America had done to help in the stabilization of the world. He recognized America's obligation to do her share in "the mighty task which was imposed upon mankind of subduing the earth." Stating as a simple fact that we had "grown exceedingly great in population and in riches," he made it clear that this country will

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Is this our

Dean in the Dayton (Ohio) News

Can he work the same scare again?

From J. Tomascin, Akron, Ohio

A Syndicated Cartoon by Cargill

Just when he's ready to bite!

play its part only as our people use their resources "not selfishly but generously, not to exploit others but to serve others," and he definitely advocated, as a part of our duty, "our adherence to the Permanent Court of International Justice."

If Americans are to expect understanding of their country in any quarter, they might reasonably look for it among those who call themselves Liberals. The London "Daily News" is a Liberal newspaper, priding itself upon its international point of view. And yet this is the comment on President Coolidge's speech which, according to a special cable to the New York "Times," was made editorially by the "Daily News:"

> It is not easy to think of any parallel to President Coolidge's amazing address to the New York Chamber of Commerce, except a certain notorious prayer. The author of that prayer also thanked God he was not as other men are, and recorded with the same smirking self-satisfaction his financial righteousness and his virtuous self-restraint. . . . If to help Europe was really the aim of America, she had merely to write off her debt, as this far poorer country was prepared to do in the case of her debtors.

Great Britain's offer to which the "Daily News" refers was not a generous gesture, but the offer of a very good bargain for Great Britain. She did not ask America to do only what she was willing to do herself, but to do a great deal more. Great Britain, it is true, would have written off the debts of her debtors, but she would have had her own debts written off also. That would have been a very convenient arrangement for Great Britain, as the "Daily News" knows very well, and one in which all the expenses would have been charged to this country. It is this sort of comment which makes the work of such an organization as the English-Speaking Union at times rather difficult. How completely the "Daily News" misinterpreted (and, we trust, misunderstood) the President may be inferred from the following passage in the President's speech. Referring to the resources of America which are available to meet needs in other countries, President Coolidge said:

> It ought everywhere to be welcomed with rejoicing and considered as a part of the good fortune of the entire world that such an economic reservoir exists here which can be made available in case of need.

Light Cars for Light Traffic

ONE of the problems facing American railroads at present is the competition of motor vehicles. The chief point of competition with motor vehicles is on short-run branch lines. Some roads have continued to maintain services on such lines at a loss, looking to future development for ultimate gain; others have played further into the hands of their competitors by giving poorer service. In only a few cases are attempts being made to meet the situation more intelligently, but up to the present nothing that seems like a real solution has been devised in this country.

In Canada the railroads were faced with similar problems. The huge Canadian National System, with its 22,000 miles of lines covering the entire Dominion, found the cost of serving branch-line territory almost prohibitive. Yet entire communities could not be left with inadequate train service. A way out must be found. The result is the "oil electric" car, a self-propelling car operated by an

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foeman's face? *(3 Henry IV, Act II, Scene 5)*

Lecocq in the Buffalo Evening News

He's off

From Mrs. F. A. Goldthwaite, Buffalo, N. Y.

Chapin in the St. Paul Pioneer Press

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Can they gain through that line?

From W. K. Collier, St. Paul, Minn.

internal-combustion engine of the Diesel type directly connected with an electric generator which supplies current to the motor.

So far cars of two different sizes have been built in the Canadian National shops. The larger—one of which is now being operated regularly between Montreal and Ottawa—comprises two sections set on three four-wheel trucks. The middle truck couples the two sections together, their total length being 102 feet. This car is equipped to carry 126 passengers, besides space for baggage and express. The lighter one is self-contained and carries 56 passengers, as well as baggage and express. Both are built of steel and represent the latest word in railroad-coach construction. The engines are exceeded in lightness only by aero engines; the one in the lighter type of car weighs 2,576 pounds and generates 185 horse-power, while the heavier one weighs 5,450 pounds and develops 340 horse-power.

In addition to the saving in wear and tear, which is a feature of electrical operation, the great point about these new cars is their low fuel cost. On a trial test between Toronto and Montreal, a distance of 334 miles, the smaller car made the run on a total cost of $3.50, with an additional charge of 48 cents for lubrication. It is estimated that an ordinary train with a similar passenger-carrying capacity would have cost $66 for fuel alone. The larger car, on a round-trip between Montreal and Ottawa, a distance of 235 miles, when an average of 52 miles an hour was maintained, consumed, it is stated, oil costing $5.87, a saving of about $35 over a coal-burning locomotive and train of equal capacity.

On an endurance run recently made between Montreal and Vancouver one of the lighter cars broke all records both for speed and endurance. It covered the 2,937 miles in sixty-seven hours, less five minutes, of actual running time; there were some traffic delays, but the engine was not stopped during the entire run.

Sir Henry Thornton, the able head of Canada's National System, seems to be maintaining the reputation for initiative which distinguished him when he was superintendent of the Pennsylvania's Long Island Railroad.

The Powers Yield to China

THE "Sick Man of Asia" has contrived to win a diplomatic battle with the strongest Powers of the world. At the international conference in Peking on China's tariff system, the Chinese Government has succeeded in establishing its right to fix its own duties on imports and exports. What is more surprising, it has gained the recognition of the principle of tariff autonomy unconditionally. That is a concession far in advance of any China could have expected at the outset.

The delegates adopted on November 19 two articles worked out by a subcommittee and proposed for incorporation in a final treaty to be signed at the conference. The first would bind the contracting Powers to agree to remove the tariff restrictions which are contained in existing treaties between themselves and China, and to consent to the going into effect of the Chinese national tariff law on January 1, 1929. The second would obligate the Chinese Government to abolish at the same time the provincial taxes on goods in internal transit, known as "likin." The Powers accept

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the principle of tariff autonomy without making their action dependent upon the abolition of "likin." If China should fail to carry out the declared intention to do away with these internal commerce levies, naturally it would lead to further negotiations, but evidently it would not justify the Powers in repudiating their admission of China's fundamental claim.

This success against apparent odds shows the real strength underlying China's apparent weakness. Although military feuds divide the country, the Chinese Government's demand for tariff autonomy voices a public opinion which is united. The Chinese trade and industrial guilds have organized boycotts that in recent months have cost Japan and Great Britain dear. Unquestionably, this power that can be exerted against foreign influences was one of the chief reasons for a conciliatory tariff settlement.

Moreover, the Powers were not united. With its traditional policy of friendliness to China, the United States supported the Chinese contention for tariff autonomy. Gradually the influence of the United States with the other Powers brought about unanimous acceptance of China's right as a sovereign nation to make her own customs schedules. Primarily a victory for Chinese persistency, it is also a victory, in only slightly less degree, for American diplomacy in the Far East.

When Mussolini Dies?

WHAT is going to happen to Italy when Mussolini dies?

That there are some advantages in autocratic power the recent history of Italy proves. Mr. Baldwin's correspondence from Milan, printed elsewhere in this issue, summarizes the services which the Fascist leader has rendered to his country. He has brought order out of chaos, and has restored Italy's self-respect after a period of feeble government. He has been as powerful and as restorative, in his way, as Napoleon was after the revolutionists in France had become wearied of playing with self-government.

He has now demanded that the power which he has been exercising shall be formally recognized. According to the measure which he has had introduced into Parliament, he is hereafter to be the acknowledged sole ruler of Italy. It is true that he will be nominally responsible to the King; but he will be wholly independent of Parliament, and can apparently do what he pleases. Of course, as in any similar case, this power will rest upon the support of his followers, as Napoleon's power rested upon the loyalty of his army, but it will be without any practical legal restraint. This is quite in accord with Mussolini's contempt for the people. He has no faith

P. & A. Photos

Mussolini, the Italian Duce, addressing the populace whom he rules, loves, but hardly respects

in their power to rule themselves. For the Machiavellian philosophy which he avows there is some basis in the temper and characteristics of the Italians, and Mussolini's lack of faith in them seems to be fairly well vindicated by his success.

"To-day," declared the Premier to Parliament on November 18, "Fascismo is the only live force in Italy. Everything else can be relegated to the museums." But Mussolini does not understand some other folk as well as his own people if he believes what he said when he added: "The whole world is now talking for or against Fascismo, because Fascismo contains the elements of universal character. . . . We who fought the war and suffered after the war have the privilege of imposing discipline on the present generation. . . . This century must be, as we have already termed it, a century of Italian power."

Mussolini evidently cannot understand that there may be people in the world who are accustomed to exercising the art of self-government. He will encounter such people as he goes to England, according to his plans, to sign the Locarno pact on December 1. He would find it entertaining to try to handle the English as he has handled the Italians.

Such a government as that of England will never experience the benefits of a Mussolini; but it also will never suffer the sort of shock that apparently is inevitable for Italy when Mussolini is carried off by a motor accident, or a disease germ, or an assassin's bullet.

The French Crisis

FRANCE is caught in the toils of its Parliamentary system. It perhaps does not matter that Cabinets should fall; but it does matter that as a legislative body the French Parliament should be impotent. The franc has fallen to a new low level. What was once worth nearly twenty cents is now worth only 3.88 cents, and no reason appears why it should not continue to drop. As the power of the purse is the one essential in the maintenance of government, the degree to which that power disappears is the measure of the power of the government itself. The simple fact is that the French Government cannot at present raise the money it needs, and the reason is that French politics do not permit agreement among those in authority as to the method of raising it.

In some quarters of France there has arisen a call for a dictator. What boots it if a Premier with a definite policy that will save the situation cannot get support from the Parliamentary body? As long as it is possible for the two extremes, Communists and monarchists, to join in an alliance with others to throw out a Government from power, as they did in bringing about the fall of Painlevé, what chance is there for any one to undertake the Government with prospect of success?

French holders of French Government

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securities naturally do not want to forego their income from the present interest on Government bonds; but, unless they are willing to make a sacrifice of a part of their income, they are likely to lose it all, as holders of German Government bonds lost all. So, if the politicians continue to pull and haul, it may be necessary for France to set up a dictator who will treat futile wrangling legislators with the contempt of a Mussolini. Over a hundred years ago Thomas Jefferson, the advocate of democracy in America against the influence of the more aristocratic movement in the young Republic, acknowledged that every country needed the best, the "aristoi," in the government, and that what would work in America might not work "in the hands of the *canaille* of the cities of Europe." It will be a pity if France, which has made such progress in self-government, proves unable to maintain those popular institutions which survived even the test of the war.

Queen Alexandra

GRACIOUSNESS, spontaneity, and benevolence were the terms chosen by one press writer to describe the characteristics that endeared Queen Alexandra to the English people. There never was any question as to her hold on their affection; they acclaimed her beauty, admired her modesty, recognized the tact and respect she used toward her royal mother-in-law.

Sixty-two years ago the Danish princess came to England, and Tennyson wrote:

> Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
> But all of us Dane in our welcome of thee.

Probably the most popular engraving ever published in England was from Frith's painting of the wedding of Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra.

Twenty-four years ago Alexandra, Princess of Wales, became Queen Consort of King Edward VII, and for about fifteen years she has been Queen Mother. But always she was Queen Alexandra in the talk of the common people.

She died on November 20, at Sandringham House, at the age of eighty-one. Her sister, mother of the last Czar of Russia, survives her.

An article by a writer of English birth, Mr. P. W. Wilson, giving impressions of Queen Alexandra's personality and character, will be found elsewhere in this issue.

Out from the Past

A DISCOVERY of a royal tomb in the midst of the Sahara, just reported by Count de Prorok, bids fair to rival that in Egypt's Valley of the Kings. Whether or not it may be that of the legendary queen who led her people south, whether indeed the skeleton entombed is that of man or woman, is a matter of speculation. But it doubtless was that of a revered leader of the ancestors of the Tuaregs, who still lead a nomadic life among the oases and on the borders of the Middle Sahara.

The tomb was large and intricate. Count de Prorok found in it, he reports, a wealth of jewelry, gold, silver, bronze, carnelians, and ivory, with workmanship as good as that of Phœnician art. The artifacts included a bronze helmet and other objects showing a high relative civilization.

The most singular find was that of a statuette of a woman made of a stone which does not exist in the Sahara. Moreover, it antedates by many centuries the age of the tomb; it seems to belong to the Stone Age, and may be fifty thousand years old. How did it come there? Probably it was found elsewhere by these ancient Tuaregs and preserved as sacred or saved as a strange wonder, just as in Babylonian exploration lately the Priestess of the Moon God was shown to have a regular museum of antiquities. It is certainly "a museum piece," for it is one of the oldest, possibly the oldest, statue existing.

Our contacts with antiquity are increasing every day. Since the war, and especially in the last three years, archæologists have simply reveled in uncovering temples, tombs, and cities. Just now, for instance, American scholars at five universities are deciphering some thousands of letters and records about thirty-five hundred years old. They are in the form of clay tablets, each inclosed in its clay envelope. They were found by Dr. Winckler in Irak, between Assyria and Babylon, some years ago, and are so precious and fragile that they were carried to Babylon, 160 miles away, by British bombing planes. The people who had this library of records on file may have been the Hittites of Bible lore; the palace where the tablets were found had been ravaged and ruined by the Assyrians, but the tablets were intact; the language is almost the despair of translators, but comparison with other ancient inscriptions gave clues. One singular thing brought out was that these Hittites were the first people to use iron on a large scale. When they attacked Egypt, their iron weapons prevailed over the Egyptians' bronze swords and spears. So when peace came, the King of Egypt, these letters show, simply begged for iron, asking that at least one iron sword might be sent as a sample. Another letter is from Tutankhamen's widow, begging the Hittite ruler to send her one of his sons for her husband, so that she might rule Egypt. The Hittites suspected a trap, and no husband was sent, nor did the widow rule Egypt.

The ancients were very human, very warlike, very eager to honor art and skill. The history of their development is one absorbing in interest, and it is being visualized to us by the explorers and scholars.

Composers with Something to Say

NOT all "novelties" on concert programmes are "new music." For that audiences should be devoutly thankful. An obsolete meaning of the word "modern" ought in these days be revived —the Standard Dictionary renders it as "commonplace; common; trite." Under the delusion that they can conceal their lack of creative ability, many composers in these days envelop their insignificant ideas in a fog of cacophony, and are thereupon hailed as musical prophets by the few who are dreadfully afraid of passing an unrecognized genius by. Composers who really have something to say, or believe so fully that they have that they write intelligently, deserve a welcome.

Recently there have been performed in New York four so-called "novelties" that have the distinction of intelligibility. One of them is a novelty only in the sense that on November 19 it was publicly performed in New York for the first time—a rhapsodic song with orchestra, entitled "Cahal Mor of the Wine Red Hand," by the late Horatio Parker. Not a masterpiece, this dramatic setting of a dramatic poem suffered by following immediately after the Fourth Symphony of Brahms; but it is the work of a musi-

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cian who not only had a knowledge of his medium but used it sincerely and effectively. Reinald Werrenrath and the New York Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Damrosch gave it a competent interpretation. (Incidentally, Mr. Damrosch and his daughter Leopoldine, at two pianofortes, with the orchestra performed Saint-Saëns's "Carnaval des Animaux" to the delight of the audience—virtually a novelty, since it was only recently published, though composed forty years ago.)

Another of these four novelties was "Jurgen," by Deems Taylor. That too was performed by the New York Symphony Orchestra. It displays Mr. Taylor's thorough acquaintance with the technique of writing for the full orchestra. He is master of the tricks of the trade, and in that respect can stand up beside Richard Strauss and Stravinsky. Nevertheless it was a disappointment to those who found in his "Looking-Glass" suite something more than fluency. If it survives, it will be because it is as good as most of its kind.

The other two novelties were presented by the very able young American pianist, Frank Sheridan. One of these was a series of musical descriptions by a young American composer, Abram Chasins. Portraying four types of pianoforte pupils, they are clever, entertaining, and, as pianoforte players say, pianistic. The remaining novelty was a series of "Three Silhouettes," by Daniel Gregory Mason. They are the work of a composer who attributes to his audience capacity for deep feeling and for reflection. They belong among those compositions which survive passing idioms.

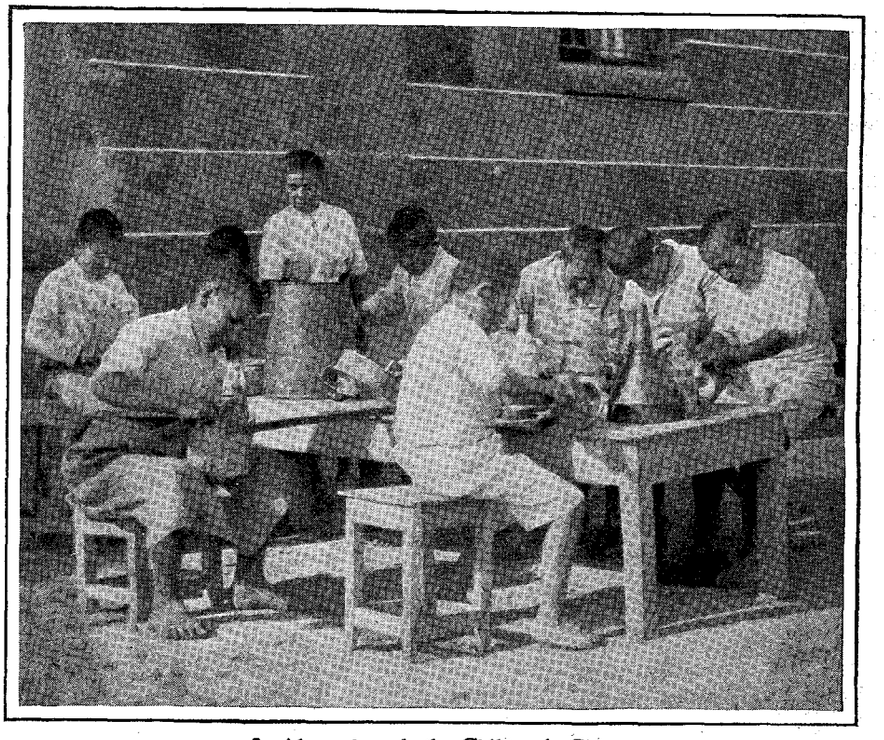
New York and eastern Massachusetts divide the honors for the nativity of these four composers. Parker and Mason, the two older of the four, were born near Boston, the one in Auburndale, the other in Brookline; while the two younger, Taylor (now just about forty) and Chasins (about twenty-two), are both natives of the city of New York.

Don't Forget These Two

IN the coming Christmas season there are two agencies for helping others toward health and comfort that we are always especially glad to recall to our readers' attention.

The Christmas Seal is a long-established Christmas idea. It originated here through Jacob Riis's description of a Danish custom and through the suggestion of Miss Emily P. Bissell, a contributor to The Outlook. Its use in the fight against tuberculosis was authorized for eleven years by the Red Cross, but now for several years it has been managed independently by the National Tuberculosis Association and its fifteen hundred local branches. Last year 425,000,000 seals were sold. This year it is hoped that the number will exceed the billion mark. What these tiny stamps have done to help bring about the undoubted gain in this fight for health and safety, for public education and human sympathy, is more easily felt than told.

The Golden Rule idea of the Near East Relief means to do unto orphans in the East as we would want others to do for our children if they were in similar plight. Golden Rule Sunday is December 6, and on that day the campaign will culminate. More than 100,000 children, orphaned as a result of the World War and the Smyrna disaster and driven from their homes into lands on which they had no claim, have been saved, it is stated, by the Near East Relief. In Alexandropol alone, the Children's City, some twelve thousand boys and girls were last year working and playing under the American flag. This is typical of the Near East Relief, which is promoting industrial skill as well as helping the helpless.



In Alexandropol, the Children's City

A Correction

IN commenting on a suggestion that the Federal Board of Tax Appeals be turned into a formal court, The Outlook mistakenly stated that this proposed transformation was approved by the American Institute of Accountants. We are now informed that this is incorrect. The Institute, highly approving of the Board's work, holds that it should retain its present form but with increased jurisdiction.

A Neighborhood Conference for the Northwest

IT is some weeks since Mr. Marvin published in The Outlook his article on Seattle. Letters still continue to come to us from the Northwest. Letters of righteous wrath from Seattle; letters of exaltation and pæans of joy from editors and citizens outside the corporate limits of the metropolis of the Northwest.

George Marvin has criticised other cities in his articles now appearing in The Outlook. These criticisms have brought forth letters of protest from men and women who felt that they were unfair. His criticisms of Seattle are the first to excite the approbations of the neighbors.

Make no mistake about it, the citizens of Seattle honestly feel that they have

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been unfairly treated. Make no mistake about it either, Seattle's neighbors rejoice at her discomfiture. Would the match applied by George Marvin's article have created such an explosion if there had been no civic dynamite in the Northwest? Would it not be a good plan to search for the man who placed the dynamite as well as the man who lit the match? Frankly, we do not pretend to know the history of that powder magazine. The evidence before us is utterly contradictory. Conviction of truth is in it, but some one must be wrong.

A leading citizen of Seattle and a man who has done much for the Northwest sends us this plea for the city that he loves. He writes:

> We have gone very far indeed to be a kindly and generous big brother to Tacoma. The latest instance, perhaps, was the opening of fine tourists' hotels in each of the cities. Tacoma boycotted our opening, and only three Tacoma people were brave enough to come over. We made 400 reservations for their opening banquet and went over 400 strong.

A recent editorial in the Tacoma "New Herald" says:

> When the Washington Educational Association held its annual meeting in Tacoma, Seattle not only declined to participate, but held a rival local convention of its own. It is also currently reported that representatives from that city boarded trains bringing delegates to Tacoma and gave out information that housing facilities were wholly inadequate here, with the result that some 400 teachers were induced to stop in Seattle and make the trip to and from the convention by boat and interurban.

Seattle accuses Tacoma of having made an abortive attempt to steal Mount Rainier for its own publicity purposes. Tacomians (still clinging valiantly to what they feel, despite the decision of the United States Geographic Board, to be the one and only name for their mountain) return the compliment by charging that Seattle has tried to steal credit for Camp Lewis—a gift of Pierce County to the Government—and that it has even ventured to relocate Paradise Valley within sight of one of Seattle's parks.

From other regions in the Northwest come evidences that the absorbent power of Seattle is looked upon with concern. The Skagit delta complains of the loss of credit for its seed farms. British Columbia mourns a misplaced gold field. Bellingham objects to having its fisheries listed as assets of the "Queen City." Anacortes and Spokane view with astonishment published statements that Seattle is the center of the apple industry of the Northwest.

We have in this editorial cited more fully from the protests against Seattle than from the letters that have come in her defense. This does not for one minute imply that the citizens of Seattle are not just as certain that all the wrong is on the other side. It merely means that her neighbors have been more specific in their charges than her citizens in their defense. It is not the charges and the counter-charges which interest us, however; it is the underlying conditions from which these charges and counter-charges arise.

Suspicion, jealousy, and distrust provide poor nourishment for the growth of civic unity. The Northwest with its splendid natural heritage and its homogeneous population ought to find some way to curb the adolescent bickerings of organizations unable to see the forest for the trees.

In the scramble of pioneering days it was natural enough for the embryo cities to put their own development ahead of the development of the whole territory. In the days when the routing of railroads meant the making or breaking of communities there was reason enough for civic quarrels. This stage of development has passed, and with its passing should go the jealousies and misunderstandings to which it gave birth.

There are enough, more than enough, broad-gauged men and women in the Northwest to take in hand the agencies responsible for the continuance of old quarrels and force or persuade them to get in step with a twentieth-century plan for territorial development.

A correspondent quotes from memory a statement made before the Washington State Chamber of Commerce two years ago by Mayor Brown, of Seattle. In this statement the Mayor, we are told, phrased his position somewhat as follows:

> Seattle is a big city, the largest in the State, and naturally we hope to keep it in the lead. But Seattle cannot go forward alone; cannot make progress by trying to push other towns and cities off the map. We must all hang together, or, as our Revolutionary ancestor put it, we shall all hang separately.

The policy enunciated by Mayor Brown might well be taken as the starting-point of a Northwest conference to be called, perhaps, by the Chamber of Commerce of Seattle. Such a conference ought to be so organized as to permit the grievances of all the communities in the Northwest to be brought into the open, threshed out, and settled. To such a conference the citizens of Seattle could bring their grievances against Tacoma, and Tacoma against Seattle. The question as to the commerce of the Port of Washington might even receive final settlement. Spokane might find her fruit orchards restored to her and the Skagit delta its cabbage seeds. From such a conference might well develop a standing committee of eminent men and women on the state of public sentiment in the Northwest. Such a standing committee might be empowered to adjust grievances between the various communities of the Northwest before they reached the point of public recrimination. It might supervise publicity material emanating from chambers of commerce in order that too enthusiastic secretaries might be prevented from making unfair or ill-advised claims. By the calling of such a conference and the creation of such a committee the Northwest would set an example to the rest of the country of far-reaching importance. Provincial Americans both in the East and the West might be reminded that the unfair progress of any one community at the expense of another adds nothing to the sum total of our National development. A united Northwest has the power and the ability to set the pace for the rest of the country. Will it seize the opportunity that lies within its grasp?

An Open Market for Galloping Ghosts

A FEW years ago an alumnus of a certain college discovered a promising young football player in a prep school. By argument, strictly within the code of intercollegiate athletics, he persuaded this youth to matriculate at his own Alma Mater.

The boy successfully passed his examinations, joined the freshman squad, made a brilliant record on the gridiron, and was elected captain of his class team. The Varsity coaches had their eyes upon him as a welcome recruit.

In his sophomore year he did not show up. The alumnus who had persuaded

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him to go to his own college finally located him on the campus of a small college with an athletic reputation out of all proportion to its size.

"What did you change for?" he asked.

"For $1,000 this year, $2,000 next year, and $3,000 senior year, in addition to my tuition," the boy frankly answered. "And," he continued, "they have promised me a job paying $5,000 a year for five years after I graduate. I don't like this place as well as ——. If you can get me the same offer there, I will be glad to return."

"You can return to hell for all I care," said the alumnus, and grabbed a train for his home town.

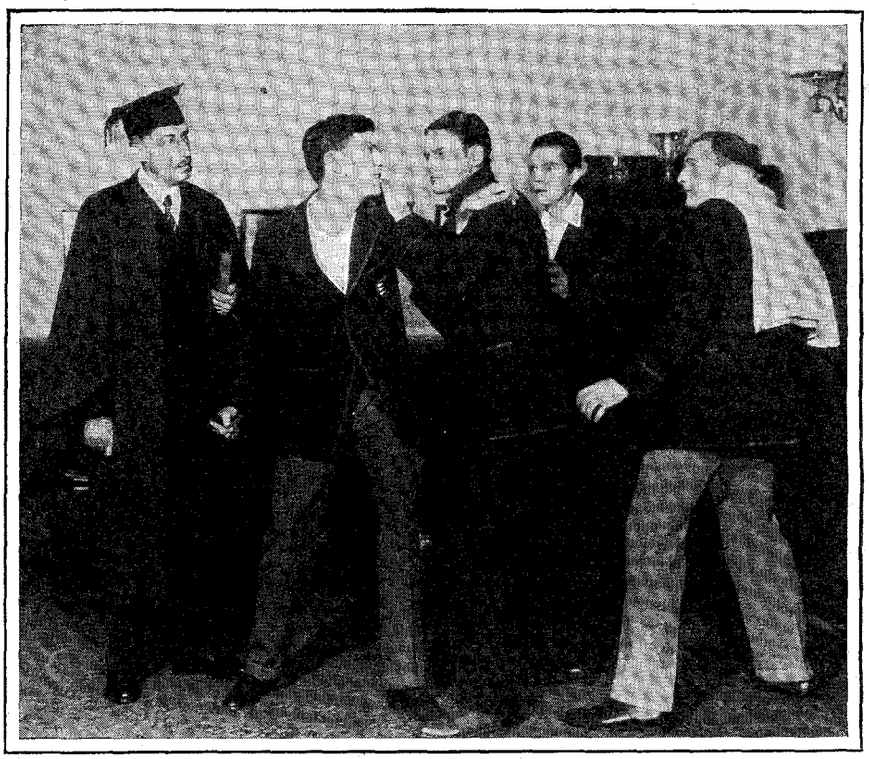
We think that this story throws light upon the most interesting development in the world of football during the current season. We refer to the rise of frank and open professionalism in the game of football. The rise of the professional game was made dramatically evident by the decision of "Red" Grange to quit the University of Illinois the day after his final game and join the professional ranks. It is reported that $30,000 was the reward he would receive from his first appearance in professional uniform.

There isn't the slightest doubt in the world that it is infinitely better for "Red" Grange to get $30,000 for a single game than for the nameless youth to receive $1,000 for a year's attendance at an institution supposedly devoted to education. It is no more disgraceful for an athlete to be a professional than for an athlete to be an amateur. Whatever disgrace or credit there may be depends solely upon the way in which the athlete, professional or amateur, conducts his business or his sport.

The promoters of the present attempt to develop professional football say that they intend to draw the line between professional and amateur players with absolute distinctness. They say that they will sign no contracts with men who have not definitely and openly relinquished their standing as amateurs. If they can and will keep to this resolve, the development of professional football may provide the public with entertainment as vivid as the best of professional baseball, and at the same time relieve college football from the type of men who are willing to sell their services secretly to the highest bidder. If professional football is successfully developed, there will be no dubious transfers from college to college —transfers that even the one-year rule has not wholly eliminated. Migratory athletes will migrate at once to professional teams, where they will get a better price for their services without the hampering necessity of having to acquire an education along with their pay.

It remains to be seen whether professional football can be conducted cleanly and honestly. It remains to be seen whether, without the restraints imposed by the amateur relationship, professional players can keep the sport within the limits of physical safety. If this can be done, the existence of professional sport may, as W. O. McGeehan, of the New York "Tribune," declares, "force upon the colleges, including the old grads, a sense of proportion as to the value of athletic prestige." If the general public can see better football by attending professional games, the newspapers will take less interest in the college brand. College football will more and more tend to become a strictly collegiate affair—quite as thrilling as ever to undergraduates and graduates, but less and less a matter of National concern.

In recent years there have been few college baseball players whose morale has been undermined by National notoriety. It will be a happy day for the colleges when even the fame of "galloping ghosts" is confined as closely as possible within college circles.



Young Woodley (Glenn Hunter) is tormented to the point of desperation by the taunts of Vining (Geoffrey John Harwood). He is caught with a knife in his hand by his teacher, Simmons (Herbert Bunston)

Young Woodley, a Drama of Adolescence

MANY people who see "Young Woodley" will doubtless leave with murder in their hearts. They will want to kill Herbert Bunston because he plays so perfectly the part of Simmons, who is all that a school-teacher should not be. They will doubtless also wish to murder many of their fellow-auditors because they show as little understanding of the play itself as Simmons does of the boys under his charge.

"Young Woodley" (now at the Belmont Theater in New York City) is a drama of adolescence. The scene is laid in an English public school. It might be laid in almost any place where boys of seventeen and eighteen are struggling for a comprehension of the strange world in which they find themselves. Young Woodley, played by Glenn Hunter, is the central figure in the action. Sensitive and romantic, appalled by powers and emotions within himself which he only vaguely understands, he is confronted with problems which older and wiser heads have not yet solved. He is an adventurer upon the shores of maturity, a land of unknown responsibilities and of inexplicable beauty and terror. The frankness of Young Woodley is the frankness of utter honesty. It is as in-

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cisive as a surgeon's knife. It is not a pleasant commentary upon American audiences that so many of those who visit it seem so utterly to misunderstand the dignity of its theme and its dramatic integrity.

The Crowded Colleges

AN editorial in a prominent weekly magazine estimated in 1920 that "if college enrollments increase by the same number of students annually they will have 417,000 in 1930 and 831,000 in 1950." The facts have made this prediction of only five years ago seem almost frivolous. The Biennial Survey of Education, 1920–1922, of the United States Bureau of Education estimates the 1922 figures as 618,555. Since 1890, the report states, the growth in college enrollments has been about five times as fast as the growth in the general population.

Many educators look at this educational elephantiasis as something gravely menacing. They say that colleges are turning out mass products; that thought and action are being standardized; that the overcrowded secondary schools are becoming less and less efficient; that the colleges are lowering their entrance requirements because of the inferior training of the secondary-school graduates; that huge numbers are devitalizing, by depersonalizing, the whole process of education; that students, prompted to enter college for the gratification of social and material desires for the future, are demanding a practical and simplified curriculum.

In some of the Eastern colleges the policy seems to be one of rigid selection of candidates and an attempt to graduate a sifted group whose individuality has not been standardized by the mass production system in existence elsewhere. On the other hand, some Western colleges which show phenomenal growth uphold a quite different policy. These great State and municipally supported institutions attempt to disseminate knowledge throughout the masses. Their representatives say that a Western university is not satisfied to close its doors at dusk, that when the offices and factories close the Western universities blaze with lights and students who cannot attend during the day attend at night. They may never complete an entire college course, but they study along lines in which they have a natural interest or proclivity. College subjects are even taught by mail to those who cannot attend either the day or night classes, and a definite percentage of credit is given for such courses on a bachelor's degree.

No matter how many tests and restrictions and bars are placed upon college entrance, the knocking of the multitudes at the doors of higher learning will not cease. Americans are clamoring for education to a far greater extent than any other people have ever done before them.

In this situation of discrepancy between supply and demand as regards colleges and students it is well to remember that the college is not the only education. Life educates, experience educates, reading educates. In an earlier generation the real education of Americans was obtained on the farms and in the forests, and the college was regarded as an offer of privilege for the exceptional and gifted. The question is not whether every boy ought to go to college just as he ought to go to school, but whether a boy is fitted by inheritance and native talent for a higher technical or scholastic college training rather than for some other form of mental activity. It is as naïve to think that every boy should go to college as that every boy should strive to be a painter or a statesman.

"Muddling Through"

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

IT may be that the British Empire is going to pieces from internal degeneracy. The Englishman may have lost his supremacy in finance owing to the fall in value in the pound sterling; in industry through the coddling of Communistic workers by the system of doles; in statesmanship by the super-taxation of the landed gentry, from whom have sprung, for many centuries, the great political leaders of England. All these things are said by pessimists in England and by jeerers at Anglo-Saxon civilization outside of England. It is pointed out that Englishmen first discovered coal, upon which the whole system of modern transportation and manufacturing rests, and first taught the world how to use it; and yet because of muddling politics since the war coal has been imported into England from France and Germany. An Englishman, George Stephenson, was the inventor or father of the locomotive and the steam railway; and yet when the English wanted one of their great railway systems put on a sound basis they came to the United States and got a graduate of the Pennsylvania Railroad to do the job. This American was Henry Thornton, now Sir Henry Thornton, chief executive of the National Railways of Canada.

This "grouching and grumbling," as it is called by a distinguished Englishman now visiting this country of whom I shall speak a little later, may have some basis of fact. But there is one department of life—and a very important department it is, perhaps it may be said a fundamental department—in which the English have not lost their supremacy. I mean the use of the English language as a vehicle of literary expression. But why shouldn't Englishmen be supreme in this respect? They invented the language and have developed it from the days of Chaucer to the days of Sir Edward Grey, or, to use his latest cognomen, Lord Grey of Falloden. Cultivated Englishmen still employ this vehicle with an unsurpassed facility, grace, and suppleness in spite of the fact that some of the best of them say "hee-yah" for "hear" and "yurr" for "year." But Americans have nothing on them in this respect, for in New York City, which has a free school system undreamed of in London, a common pronunciation of "bird" is "boid" and of "girl" is "goil." To be sure we Americans have contributed some improvements to the use of English as a vehicle for the interchange of thought—one being that we have made it universal, while in Great Britain they still suffer from varieties of *patois*. In this country there is a kind of linguistic flivver which is driven all over the United States. In England the Oxford undergraduate employs what might be called a Rolls-Royce version of his mother tongue—that is to say, the language in its most refined and elegant form—while the Yorkshire farmer still rolls along in a kind of verbal gig.

Some years ago a young Oxford man, the son of a canon of a well-known cathedral, told me the following story. A friend of his was out shooting hare, or some such English game animal, in Yorkshire. His attendant was a farm

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boy. As they crossed a turnip field the boy remarked, "There's a vahst o' cloomps here." "'Cloomps'! What are 'cloomps'?" said the sportsman. "Whoy-a 'stoonts' mahks 'cloomps,'" was the reply. "'Stoonts'! What are 'stoonts'?" "Whoy-a some fowk ca's 'em 'mowdiewops.'" It turned out that the boy was trying to say that there were a lot, or a vast number, of mole-hills in the field, "cloomp" being the local term for these excrescences and "stoont" and "mowdiewop" being the vernacular for moles. There is no such pleasing variety in "English as she is spoke" in this country, although William Allen White pointed out to me the other day that what would be called a ravine in New England would be known as an arroyo to dwellers in the Southwest; and a Southerner present—for we were indulging in that pleasantest of all games for the middle-aged, table-talk—reminded us that what a New Yorker would call a brook a South Carolinian would be likely to refer to as a branch. Nevertheless a Harvard professor of philosophy and a Montana cowboy could carry on intelligibly and with pleasure a conversation on current politics. I take it that the same kind of conversation would need an interpreter if it should be ventured upon by an Oxford don and a Yorkshire agricultural laborer. This is what I mean by the universality of the version of the English language which we speak in this country. In this respect it is superior to the English language of Great Britain.

Consider the effect of vernacular in poetry. Anybody who knows English at all can easily read Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee" or John Hay's "Pike County Ballads" with ease and perfect understanding, but one must have a glossary at hand to wholly grasp the dialect of Robert Burns or of Tennyson's "Northern Farmer" or the Dorsetshire poems of William Barnes. There is a kind of spell, as St. Loe Strachey, the distinguished editor of "The Spectator" of London, has said, in "the enchanting 'Evenen, an' Maids out at Door,'" by William Barnes. But, although this poet, a graduate of the University of Cambridge and a clergyman of the Church of England, lived and wrote in the nineteenth century and used a vernacular current in his day and still current, his poems, as will be seen from the two following stanzas, are as foreign to most readers of English as the language of Chaucer:

But when you be a-lost vrom the parish, zome more
Will come in your pleäzen to bloom an' to die:
An' the zummer will always have maidens avore
Their doors, vor to chatty an' zee volk goo by.

For daughters ha' mornen when mothers ha' night,
An' there's beauty alive when the fairest is dead:
As when one sparklen wave do zink down from the light,
Another do come up an' catch it instead.

Having mentioned the name of St. Loe Strachey, I really come to the text of this article. Mr. Strachey is now in this country, as a kind of unofficial literary ambassador, and in his delightful public and private talks is helping us to understand the situation of the country—I refrain from calling it the mother country, for fear of the maledictions of Senator Borah—but at least the country from which we derived our language, most of our law, and many of our fundamental political institutions. Mr. Strachey is an Oxford man, a descendant of an old Whig family, and a Liberal in the best sense of that often abused word. He combines in his person and in his viewpoint the most desirable qualities of the Whig and Tory as implied in the saying of Mark Pattison, Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. In the middle of the last century, when the Whigs were what might be called the Progressives of English politics, and had the zeal as well as some of the less agreeable social amenities that are often characteristic of moral and political reformers, a young Oxford man, going up to London to enter active political life, came to Dr. Pattison for some advice. Pattison answered: "My advice to you is, Vote with the Whigs but dine with the Tories!" It is wise to vote with Strachey and a pleasure to dine with him.

No English newspaper, and therefore no newspaper on the other side of the Atlantic, more clearly understands or is more sympathetic with American life and progress than "The Spectator." It is a singular fact that Mr. Strachey reverses the ordinary experience of the American university graduate. Most American students of economics and philosophy are radical when they are young and grow conservative with age. Mr. Strachey, who read for the bar when leaving Oxford, began his journalistic work on the ultra-Tory "Saturday Review," but

Trailing Uncle Sam Around the World

MR. ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE, sailing this week on a world tour, will write for The Outlook a series of articles on "Trailing Uncle Sam Around the World."

The idea of such a series first suggested itself to Mr. Maurice last winter when a vessel on which he was traveling about the Mediterranean stopped for two days at Beirût, Syria. There, in defiance of the Kipling line, "Never the twain shall meet," East and West, superficially at least, were meeting at last. At every turn the traveler was confronted by signs that told of the restless activity of his countrymen, moving about the world, urged on by business interests, by curiosity, or by the spirit of adventure. The setting was the setting of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment;" the voice of the story-teller in the bazaar was raised from time to time against the honking horns of American-made motor cars. Sinbad the Sailor, relating his adventures, was garnishing the narrative with bits of United States slang, picked up in the course of his six months as a rug merchant in Chicago. In a nutshell, it is with Uncle Sam's far-flung battle-line of peace that these articles will deal.

Mr. Maurice, a former editor of the "Bookman," and more recently the last literary editor of the old New York "Herald," has written much of cities and scenes, his published books including "Fifth Avenue," "The New York of the Novelists," "The Paris of the Novelists," and "Bottled Up in Belgium," the last-named a narrative of the author's personal experiences as a member of the American Relief Commission for Belgium and the invaded departments of northern France.

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later in life by conviction became editor of that sane and courteous Liberal organ, "The Spectator." He is the marked antithesis of that type of aristocratic indifferentist described so amusingly by Walter Bagehot in the following passage in an essay on Gladstone:

> The "Saturday Review" is remarkable as an attempt on the part of "university men" to speak on the political topics and social difficulties of the time. And what do they teach us? It is something like this: "So-and-so has devoted himself to a great subject, and we would observe that the interest now taken in great subjects is very commendable. Such-and-such a lady has delicate feelings, which are desirable in a lady, though we know that they are contrary to the facts of the world. All commons persons are doing as well as they can, but it does not come to much after all. All statesmen are doing as ill as they can, and let us be thankful that *that* does not come to much either."

Mr. Strachey does not take this hopeless view of English affairs. He reports that the Commons are in earnest, that the statesmen have the welfare of the whole nation at heart, that the dole is a form of insurance and not of almsgiving, that high taxation is not a bar but an incentive to industry, that the average Englishman believes that he is as much in honor bound to pay his war debts as he is to make his personal check or note of hand good, and that in spite of characteristic "grouching and grumbling" the English people, high and low, are in good courage and carrying on. "There is life," he says, "in the old dog yet."

To those Americans who believe that our historical and literary inheritance from the land of Alfred the Great, Queen Elizabeth, Chaucer, Shakespeare, John Hampden, Sir William Blackstone, Sir Matthew Hale, Burke, Wordsworth, and Keats is precious, Mr. Strachey's message is a cheering one. The English do occasionally muddle things, but, as we have learned from the letters and memoirs of Walter Page and Sir Edward Grey, somehow or other they muddle through—with the accent on the "through"!

Queen Alexandra

By P. W. Wilson

DEATH has at last claimed Alexandra, and with her there vanishes the latest and perhaps the last of the great queens. Born to be a picture, not a potentate, Alexandra fitted perfectly into her appointed landscape. For over sixty years of public life her prestige was maintained, an achievement the more remarkable because her calling as Queen is hard indeed to fulfill without offense. Unless a queen is undistinguished, she is usually unfortunate. Of Bathsheba the less said, the better. Jezebel was thrown from a window and eaten by dogs. Vashti was deposed. And Esther only became a heroine after she had submitted to be a slave. Queen Zenobia was led to Rome a captive and died a humdrum matron, while Boadicea bled from Roman rods. Queen Cleopatra committed suicide, Catherine de Medici was guilty of mass murder, and Catherine of Russia executed her lovers. Mary, Queen of Scots, like Marie Antoinette, was decapitated; Queen Caroline was divorced; Eugénie was exiled; the Empress of China terminated the Manchu Dynasty; and even Victoria was only glorious in the long loneliness of widowhood. To be a queen is to take the big chance.

But with Europe rent by repeated war and convulsed by revolution, Alexandra's career was remote and serene. A thousand fell at her side—her dethroned sister, the Empress Marie; her nephew the Czar and all his family; her other nephew, Constantine of Greece—but it did not come nigh her. A devout churchwoman, Alexandra lived each full day as it came, and, simple as may have been her sagacity, it enabled her to survive.

She was the kind of princess who under attack would have rallied all the romanticists to her defense. An Alexandra under the guillotine would have been avenged by countless novelists. But she was never allowed to become a political problem. It is true that her marriage, like Helen's elopement, launched a thousand ships. But the guns only fired salutes. Over the seizure of Schleswig-Holstein by Prussia Alexandra wept at the breakfast table. And when the infant Princess Beatrice consulted her as to what present she should ask from a generous visitor, Alexandra said to the child, "The head of Bismarck on a charger." But, while England sympathized with the young Princess of Wales, she reserved her intervention for the case

Underwood

Princess Alexandra at the time of her marriage to the Prince of Wales

Underwood

One of the last portraits of Queen Alexandra

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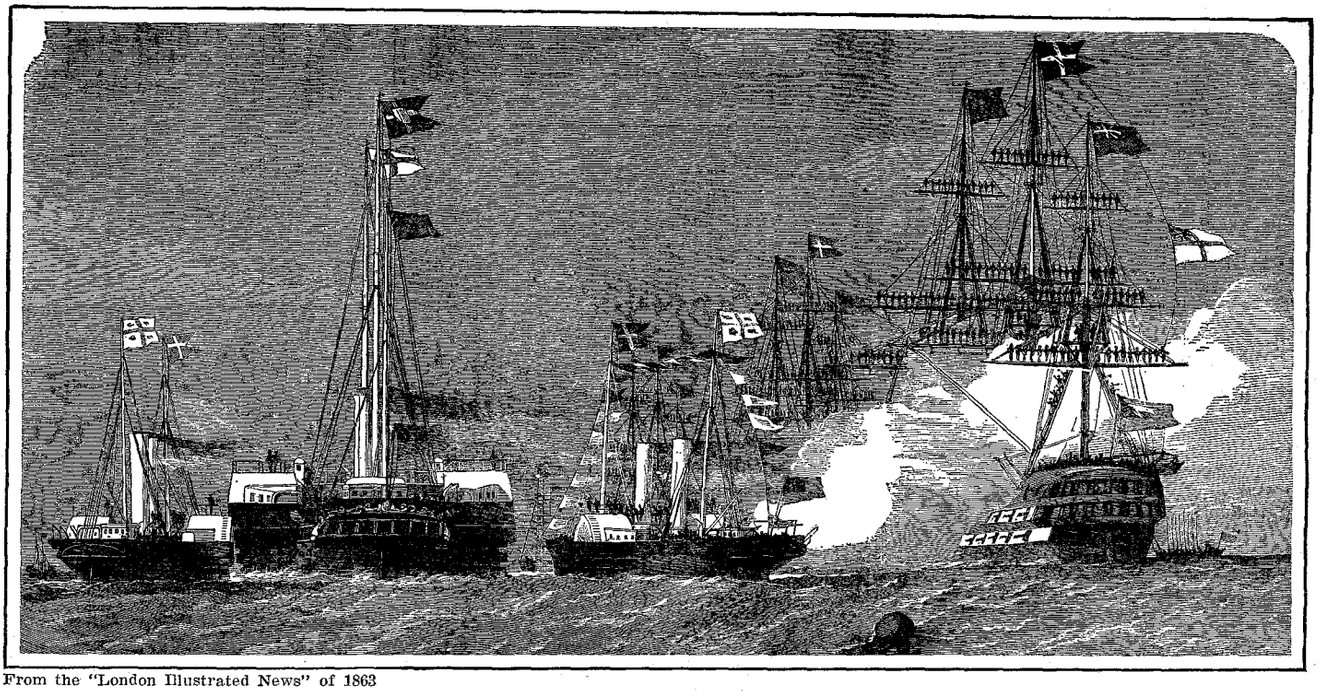

From the "London Illustrated News" of 1863

The " wooden walls of England " thundered forth their salute to the royal bride of the future Edward VII

of Belgium. Prussia's misgivings over the Danish marriage proved to be unfounded.

Alexandra's love story was, of course, prearranged. Her photograph was shown to Edward, whose ready susceptibilities were aroused by a beauty that became world famous. Edward then attended the German maneuvers on the Rhine, where it happened that Alexandra also was spending the summer. At Heidelberg, an interesting place to see, they met, and they met again at Speiers. Alexandra was allowed to keep Edward's photograph in her pocket, and she would produce it with rapture, crying, "I've got him here." One day, at Worms, Edward's tutor, a model of tact, suggested that he should study the beautiful frescoes in the Cathedral. By a coincidence, King Christian of Denmark happened to be in Worms on that very day, and he suggested to Alexandra that the frescoes in the Cathedral were treasures of art which they should not miss. And so, quite by accident, Edward and Alexandra met once more.

And then the press got wind of it. Everybody pretended to be annoyed. And everybody knew that it was part of the game. What wonder if Alexandra's bright eyes were dazzled? For here was the ring of betrothal—a Beryl, an Emerald, a Ruby, a Turquoise, a Jacynth, and a second Emerald—why the initials of the jewels spelled "Bertie"! Alexandra was entranced, and wore the ring to her dying day. That she had "got him here" may have been sometimes an illusion, but it was an illusion that Alexandra never lost. There is no doubt that she loved Edward and was glad to be his wife. At his death she was inconsolable. That kiss with which, before thousands, he greeted her as for the first time she stepped on British soil never left her lips.

That "Bertie" had his own friends and his own amusements cannot be denied. But on all public occasions he belonged absolutely to Alexandra. In every pageant she shared the applause and often inspired it. The fireworks flamed forth, not "Edward" alone, but "Edward and Alexandra." It was to Alexandra as much as to Edward that the sentries presented arms. At her wedding she was promised the leadership of society, and that bargain, at any rate, was fulfilled. Opening Parliaments and bazaars may not be everybody's idea of happiness. But Alexandra reveled in these functions. To be the center of the scene became her life. And no day was dull on which she had to decide what to wear. To the perpetuation of her complexion she devoted infinite pains. And until extreme old age she held at bay the ravages of time.

With regard to the rest, Alexandra's philosophy may be expressed in the saying that it is better to have one-half of a great man than the whole of a small man. With Edward she was incapable of playing bridge and baccarat, but together they certainly developed at Sandringham as much of a home as royalty has the time to enjoy. Alexandra was an excellent housekeeper—better, in fact, than Queen Victoria—and her children were allowed to be human.

Her great contribution to English life was a perfect taste in dress. Despite the crinoline, the bustle, and, if one may add it, the corset, Alexandra was always the very picture of a refined gentlewoman. Blessed by Providence with a perfect face and figure, she would have looked well, doubtless, in any style, but it is none the less difficult to imagine her in short skirts and in the slipover frocks which are to-day the vogue. Her amazing health was a debt that she owed to her Danish ancestry. But if she was active at seventy-five (she was eighty-one when she died), one reason may be that she was spared the worry of athletics. She could, of course, ride. Nor did she order her carriage whenever she had otherwise to walk. But she was a woman of a former day, and she was stronger in motherhood than in muscle, which may have been what God really meant.

Her adventures were few. When Sipido fired two shots at Edward as he was sitting in the train at Brussels, she was with him. And she also accompanied him on his trip to Egypt. There the young people were entertained in the palace of Esbekieh, where the beds were of silver and the wash-basins hastily imported for the occasion. In Egypt there were two mishaps. The dahabeah on the Nile caught fire and Edward himself had to put it out. And the princess had her first and only contra-compliment. In the Viceroy's harem Alexandra's eyebrows were painted and she was attired in a veil. On returning to their quarters, the courier naïvely remarked that the ladies looked better than usual. Whether Alexandra ever forgave him is not on record. But she was the first lady to dine with the Sultan of Turkey on equal terms, and at the opera in Constantinople she was the first lady to be accom-

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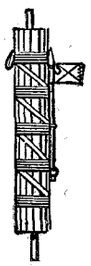
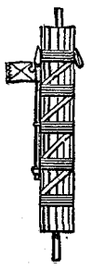
panied by the Sultan in to the diamond.

To her finger-tips Alexandra was royal. And there is no royalty so proud as the house of Denmark. But she came, a Cophetua, from a quiet Court. About her arrival there was a touch of the Cinderella. While she was never English, she owed nothing except to England's affection. And England treated her with a handsome gratitude which supplied her every want. Nothing was ever too good for Alexandra.



The Italian Duce

Correspondence from the Land of Fascism



By ELBERT F. BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editor in Europe

BEHIND every movement is a man. Sometimes he is more interesting than the movement. I am tempted to believe this of Benito Mussolini, the Fascist leader.

He has the qualities of his native Romagna. He has primitive and superabundant energy. He is without hypocrisy. He is rude, but captivating.

The son of a blacksmith, and, like him, a Socialist, he has been a schoolteacher, an emigrant to Switzerland, a revolutionary and expelled from Switzerland, a revolutionary in Italy and prisoner. He left his cell more revolutionary than before. He went into journalism. In the war he was a soldier, and wounded. He returned to his editorial desk. He was independent in his Socialism, courageous, a hard hitter, a man of the people but a man of action, confident in himself, magnetic; an orator without weak rhetoric, speaking in terse phrase; powerful as organizer, occasionally with more will than intelligence; always and above all with a physical and mental presence picturesque and imposing. Such is the combination incorporated in the present Dictator of Italy. All in him seems martial save his praiseworthy weakness for his violin, ever his comfort.

I was at his side the other day. Somehow, he looked heavier, less buoyant, than when I first saw him. Possibly the suggestion of sycophants that he resembles Napoleon may have something to do with this. Or is the change due to the lines betraying his recent illness? Is it because of his knowledge of plots against him, like that discovered day before yesterday? Or is it simply the natural effect of the weight of his six years as chief of the Fascist movement, the last three of those years being also as head of the Italian Government?

No matter. I have never seen another Italian statesman—even such "good-lookers" as Giolitti or Sonnino or Salandra or Tittoni, Facta or Schanzer or Scialoja—with Mussolini's Roman head, lightning eyes, and classic gestures, even if a slight suggestion of the theatrical is not absent—this, under any circumstances, not being always excluded from the Italian manner.

IN October, 1922, the Fascist forces entered Rome. Mussolini said to the king: *"Vi porto l'Italia di Vittorio Veneto."* (I am bringing you the Italy of *Vittorio Veneto.*) Victor Emmanuel asked Mussolini to become Prime Minister. Parliament gave him plenary powers.

Why the Italy of *Vittorio Veneto?* Because it was the true Italy.

Vittorio Veneto marked the final Italian victory over the century-old enemy, Austria. But the victory was not only over Austria. It was also over the Italy of 1914. She had not then fully grasped her duty. Mussolini pointed this out well before Italy's entrance into the war.

The Italian people are not mature enough entirely to appreciate their Constitution, one of the best in Europe. Their parliamentarism, not on a par with it, was proportionately strangling the Government. Between the Carso and the Piave occurred the genesis of a gigantic political revolution. The discipline of present-day Italy was born of heroes' blood shed in the war, of their resistance in the trenches, of their joy at destroying the enemy.

At that juncture there came from

Rollin Kirby in the New York World

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

"Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed?"

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abroad a shocking phase of extreme and aggressive Socialism. Insults from it were daily leveled at the Italian army—that army, for every true Italian, in Mussolini's words, "the symbol of virile consecration of the ancient robust virtues." The Socialists had undermined economic and political authority; they wanted to do the same with the military.

Where was the reaction to all this, where the resistance?

The old traditional parties seemed no longer capable of arresting the slipping towards disorder. Nevertheless it was high time for a check, no matter what.

This was given, with entirely new methods, by Benito Mussolini. He had been Socialist long enough to appreciate the peril of Bolshevism.

He broke with all the Socialists. He allied himself with no other party, because no other suited him. There was but one thing to do—found his own movement. From the first he was its leader, its *dux,* as the old Romans used to say; its *duce,* as the Italians do now.

Embracing the whole remaking of Italy, this movement was essentially nationalist. Opposing alike a too pacifist Socialism and a subversive Communism, it also opposed super-citizen tendencies among the *Popolari,* or People's Christian Party—namely, the Catholics; and, even more, tendencies among secret societies against Catholicism. As to the Liberal parties, the Fascist paper, "Il Popolo d'Italia" (of which Mussolini was the founder), said: "Not only is Fascism not liberalism, it is its living antithesis. It is easier for us to go in accord with a Russian Communist than with a Liberal." And the other day Signor Rocco, Minister of Justice in the present Cabinet, also proclaimed an antithesis to Liberal views in asserting: "To the formula, society for the individual, Fascism substitutes the formula, the individual for society"—in other words, the state.

WITH real genius Mussolini baptized this movement with a name taken from the old Roman *fasces,* the bundle of staves bound around an ax and borne by the lictors. It was the symbol of Rome's authority and discipline. It is now the sign of modern capacity and will to arrive at superior governmental organizations for Italian unity and power. And all the more since, though republican in origin, Fascism quickly found in the monarchy the indicated instrument for success in Italy.

Perhaps the reaction from Bolshevism pushed Mussolini too far. With its spirit of impulse and adventure in the name of discipline, Fascism did not hesitate at violence, and its leader went along his dictatorial way towards the plenary powers he was to demand and receive later. Many hoped he would use progressively constitutional and parliamentary methods. But no. He said: "Italy is certainly the nation where parliamentary imbecility has reached its deadliest phases."

Without doubt, Mussolini saved Italy from Bolshevism. Only he had to save it in his own way, and the Fascists exaggerated it. So did the Socialists. As results there were robberies, incendiarism, murders. Of these last-named, the assassination of the Socialist Deputy Matteotti has made the greatest stir; the final trial of this case occurs shortly. Even a month ago at Florence there were some deplorable murders. The Fascist commissary for Florence, Signor Balbo, promptly arrested nine Fascists and expelled fifty-one responsible for the outrages. This "purification" accomplished, all "unjustifiable" acts of violence, the party proclaims, are to be "severely punished." "Violence is moral and useful when it is timely, chirurgical, and chivalrous." Private violence, it is now admitted, "is too dangerous to be tolerated;" in fact, "all violence should be reserved to the state's needs."

THE doctrine, "The state is all," explains the oppressive measures taken during these recent years against individual and collective liberty, particularly against the liberty of association, assembly, and the press. To the Fascist mind, however, these measures are absolutely essential to the state's safety.

Even to-day, right here in Milan, Government authorities are occupying Socialist and Masonic headquarters. In Turin five weeks ago the "Stampa," the second Italian paper in circulation, was suppressed for a month. Four days ago, at Rome, editions of the "Piccolo" and the "Mondo" were sequestrated. Two days ago the Milan "Giustizia" met its fate, and yesterday the Rome "Voce Reppublicana."

Naturally, there is resentment; international resentment too, as I saw at Locarno three weeks since. The Italian Duce, refusing to give individual interviews there, consented to give one to all the journalists together. It was hardly an interview, for at the end of his talk the speaker said, quickly in one breath: "Any questions? No. The meeting is closed." And brusquely he left the room.

Now, as a protest against encroachments on the liberty of the press, most of the journalists from all the countries represented at Locarno had stayed away. Of course the abstainers included especially the radicals, Socialists, and extremists. The Dictator was aware of this, but misinterpreted it. It was only Socialism vs. Fascism, he fancied. This misinterpretation was evident when he came down the staircase of the Grand Hotel from the room where he had spoken to the large lobby, and found a much greater number of journalists. They were waiting to hear from their colleagues what had been happening above. Hitherto Mussolini had invariably been received with applause and cheers. This time he found all faces looking at him, but also an absolute silence. It must have cut him to the quick. Yet he met it with characteristic directness. Stepping over to where my table companion was standing (whom he supposed a very extreme extremist), he inquired, tauntingly:

"Communism still going strong?"

"Excellency," replied the journalist, "I am not a Communist."

"Oh, indeed!" rejoined Mussolini, incredulously; and, in a louder and sarcastic tone, "I am mistaken, it seems."

"As you are often," murmured an anti-Fascist, but not so low as to escape the Duce's ear. He instantly turned, looked at the man full in the face, paused, then said, calmly, "Perhaps," and quitted the hotel.

This final reply gave me some new insight into the Mussolini character. It did not reveal an impulsive, obstinate, chief, of unconsidered judgments and brooking no contradiction. Instead, it did reveal a leader of potential poise.

CERTAIN sorry events at home may well keep us Americans humble, even if we are moved to brand as outrageous some events here. Nevertheless Fascism has accomplished great things for Italy. Among them, take the following four facts:

First, last year because of strikes Italian workmen lost but one-twentieth the number of days they had lost four years before, and this year strikes seem approaching the vanishing-point.

Second, after the war, railway travelers in Italy were not absolutely sure of reaching their destination, for engineers and firemen were not proof against Communist temptations. To-day the railway service is disciplined. Moreover, through economic management, the old deficits have disappeared.

Third, deposits in the Italian savings banks have notably increased.

Fourth, after the war, the Government Budgets showed enormous deficits; this year there is a cheering surplus.

What a record for Fascism! Italy can be proud. Despite its affront to democracy, Fascism is, for the moment, the only government for this country. And it is solider than ever.

Milan, November 6, 1925.

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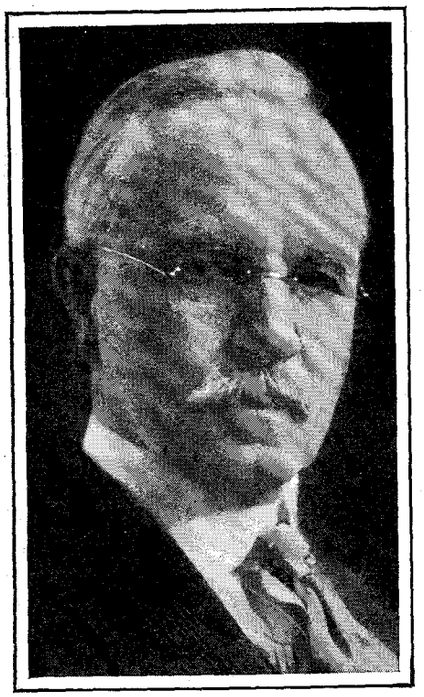
The Iliad of the Illini

The President, the Provost, and the Phenomenon

By GEORGE MARVIN

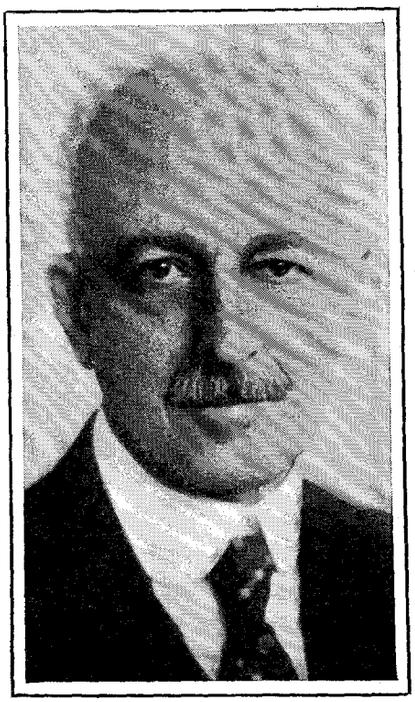


David Kinley, Ph.D., LL.D., President of the University of Illinois

LET us take them in reverse order, the phenomenon first. The University of Illinois feels pretty much the same way about Harold ("Red") Grange as the Republic of Finland feels about Paavo Nurmi. Each resents being thus put and sustained upon the map. Finland submits that it produces more paper pulp than runners and develops more hydroelectric energy than record-breakers. Most of its citizens walk about their businesses. During the autumn months these last three years the big University of the State of Illinois has had a fellow-feeling for the man who is invariably introduced as Mrs. Jones's husband. Publicity has reached such a point in this country that whatever an individual glitteringly does on Saturday —from making touch-downs to murder— is the common property of a hundred millions of people on Sunday morning. But the jog-trot accomplishment of universities in manufacturing character and steeping the fabric of young life in durable dyes is no stuff for broadcasting; it lends itself not to publicity. Katy, the upstairs girl, in her inter-State thousands knows the color of H. Grange's hair and can unerringly pick his gladiatorial visage out of the rotogravure section. She probably couldn't tell you offhand what school he was from any more than the average "fan" could plot Nurmi's home town of Helsingfors on the map. The "Flying Finn" is bigger than Finland here, and in the clouds of glory that the "Galloping Ghost" trails across alien gridirons his university is obscured. But both are good advertisers in their long runs. The glow reflects on origins. A lot more people because of Paavo's ever-victorious flying feet have begun to take an interest in the vigorous Republic born by the Great War out of Russia on the Baltic; and folks in Bangor and San Diego, where "Red" has become a household word, are beginning to think that "Illinois" must be some university. It is—the third largest in the United States. Only Columbia and California are bigger.

In the pre-Volstead sounding town of Champaign-Urbana, Illinois, Harold "R." Grange, the football phenomenon, matters considerably. But the truth is that the President and the Provost—yes, and Thomas Arkle Clark, the original Dean of Men—these three matter more. In the enormous memorial stadium that

Captain Harold ("Red") Grange, who withdrew from the University of Illinois to become a professional football player the day after the final game of the season



Dr. Kendrick C. Babcock, Provost, and Dean of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences

rises like a citadel in the rich flat acres of the Agricultural College sixty-seven thousand people stood up when Grange, receiving the kick-off, ran through the entire Michigan team for a touch-down. Then the sixty-seven thousand sat down again. One man, a graduate of Illinois who had made a fortune in public-service capacities, and who had often in his dealings to confront questionable methods, said: "I could have made a dozen times as much by crooked transactions. One thing kept me from it. Whenever I sat across a table with crooks, Dean Clark's face always came between." That man has gone on standing up.

Don't make any mistake about Grange, the phenomenon. The special stories do not much exaggerate, the rotogravures are right. No man has run with a football more elusively than he. He is as graceful and as great an athlete as Pavlowa, in her best days, was a dancer. He is a better than average student, gets no pecuniary help from the college, ducks the limelight all he can. Expressing himself thus, he also faithfully expresses his share of the institution, bears his significant minor part in the Iliad of the "Illini." Adding the major parts, we may understand the story of "Illinois."

The Illini were originally the tribe of Indians inhabiting the rich flat allu-

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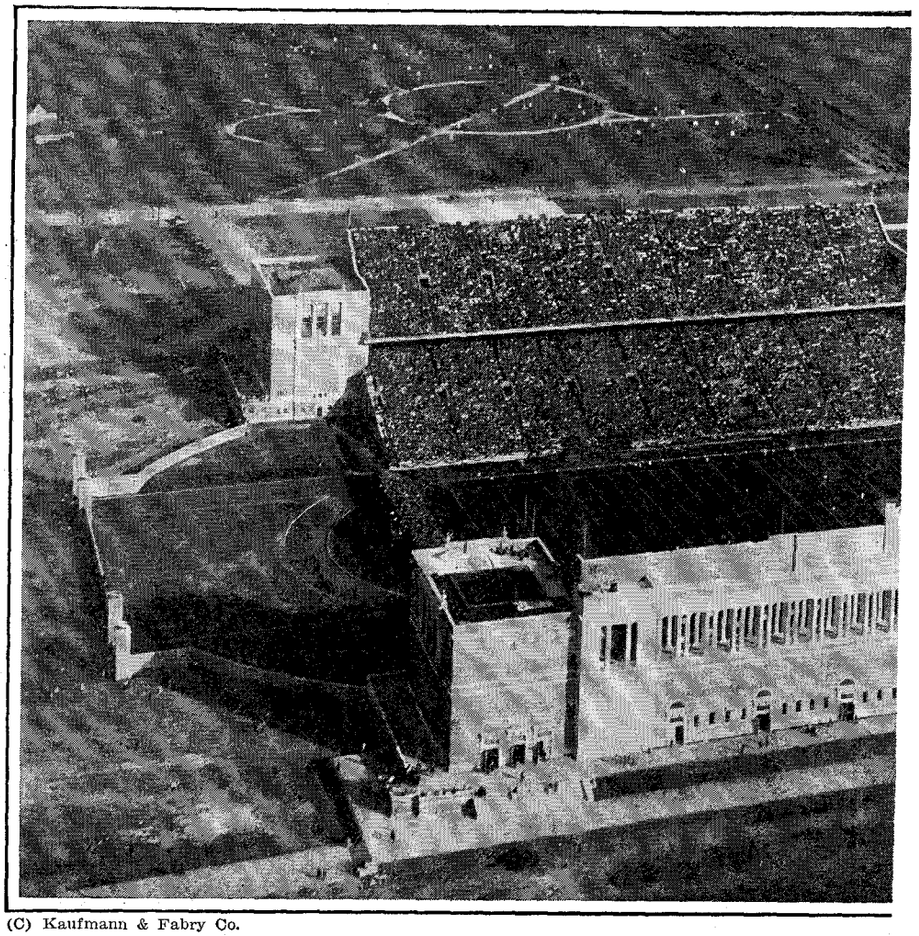
vial lands on the left bank of the Mississippi half-way between its source and the Gulf. After them the State is named and from their live traditions the University takes its spirit. They were a fine body of men, these Illini dead and gone. The very name of them means "the Men" or, as Dean Babcock, Provost of the University, translates it, "He-Men." In the present life of the University of Illinois the "Illini spirit" is a very definite militant force expressing itself in a variety of related ways. The "Illini" still make war. With the eagerness of warriors they aim to campaign and foray and raid in each of their trails of academic life. The contemplative and the active are intermerged in this conception of college years, and the active dominates; there is no negativity in the Illini joint and several attitudes, whether it be towards an intersectional football battle or the unending warfare on ignorance. Champaign-Urbana has a population of 27,000 exclusive of students, but the main business of the community is students. Nothing of great consequence goes on there except the various manifestations of the University, and in this solidarity or dedication the locality resembles Princeton or Lexington, Virginia, or the neighboring Missouri University settlement of Columbia. It is an aggressive community. Its tempo is *allegro* rather than the *andante* mood its umbrageous peace would imply. Set down in the middle of miles of golden corn, even with the mellowness of harvest all about the place, eagerness was in the air you breathed with smoke of raked-up autumn leaves. The little yellow tramcar that ran from Main Street out to the University, through aisles of trees reminded of subdued Massachusetts towns, kicked up its heels like a trolley colt and scooted round the corners to scamper and buck down new vistas. There's nothing urbane about Urbana, but lots of champagne.



(C) Kaufmann & Fabry Co.

"Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy," sixty-seven thousand spectators watching

The campus of the University of Illinois on a winter day. To judge from Mr. Marvin's article, the students must already have gone somewhere

Well, "Red" Grange and his fellow-hoplites on the ringing plains of the conference stadia make war in much the same spirit that animated the badly coached heroes of the Iliad "far on the ringing plains of windy Troy." Robert C. Zuppke, their warlike coach, keeps the Illini spirit in football, win or lose. Grange's performances are made possible by the self-effacing fighting interference and aggressive tactics of teams that Zuppke fashions into battle units. The victories that stamp his teams have been won against heavy odds at starting or in the last quarters of games supposedly already won by opponents. An Illinois team doesn't know it is beaten until the last whistle blows—and doubts it even then.

A militant spirit in a game of personal impacts and military tactics like football is not peculiar to this one university. It is more distinctive to find the Illini heritage animating or inspiring other less obviously warlike occupations. The Provost, standing in the shadow of his silos on the farm of the Agricultural College, finds these cow *campaniles* just as emblematic of Illinois as the towering sides of the neighboring Circus Maximus, where two million dollars have been dedicated to sport and memories of the greatest war. With him to point and

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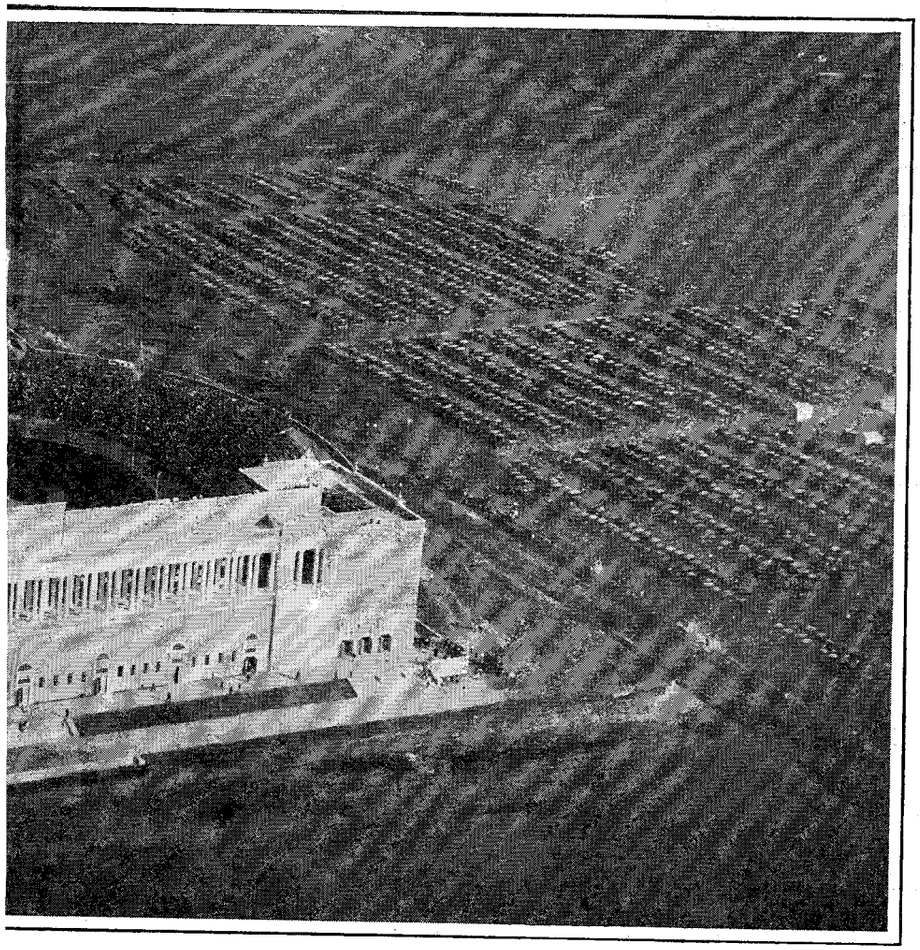

eat Michigan in the two-million-dollar stadium dedicated as a war memorial on that day

explain other outcroppings of the native *Zeitgeist*, the Iliad of the Illini becomes less a myth and more a record of related facts. It is one thing to listen to *ex-parte* statements, and quite another to behold with your own eyes. Seeing is believing.

Wait, then, with the Provost on a corner of the campus at noonday, and you will see five or six thousand young people, men and women, moving hither and yon. They are all going *somewhere*. No cigarette butts litter the campus, because nobody smokes on the campus; nobody wants to smoke on the campus. The six thousand move in a purposeful manner, as though each one of them had a definite date. At Annapolis or West Point similar periodical shiftings of base are galvanized by the beating of drums or the blowing of bugles. There is a visible cadence in the purpose. Here moving youth does not keep step with its feet; a kind of mental cadence seems to be swaying it towards understood and welcome goals. The entire panorama is crisp with sense of direction.

Here you may discern with your senses the sub-bass, the pedal organ, of the Illini epic; the whole institution is headed some-definite-where and going on its way. You visualize the simple philosophy back of the contribution Illinois is making to Americanism—light and life; but *life* in newer, greater abundance, founded on physical fitness, going forth to the infinite varieties of war with a warrior's well-being. It is the Illini idea that these thousands shall come here to learn how best to do this thing; to find out how to live a less haphazard, fumbling thing than uninstructed life. The purposefulness of their noontime passing across the campus shall be prophetic of less definite paths as surely trod beyond the acres of the corn.

And so it is easy to believe that here a larger percentage of the student body—except certainly Annapolis and possibly West Point—take part voluntarily, though with strong encouragement, in athletics than in any other large educational institution in the country. Last year 7,048 of them were organized in some form of competitive sport. George Huff, Director of Physical Education, exerts an important directing and formative influence in the life of the University. Under his guidance Illinois started the first coaching school in the United States—to be distinguished from the many summer schools of coaching established in different parts of the country—where now a regular four-year course is prescribed leading to the academic degree of B.S. Athletics have thus been definitely specialized as an honest career and physical culture is ingrained in the Illinois idea of a university education for whatever special purpose.

Consistently with the Illini spirit, 3,400 students—enough to form a full brigade of all arms—make up the R. O. T. C. enrollment under the instruction of 27 officers of the Regular Army, the largest detail made by the War Department for instruction in any single university.

One of the administrative officers of the University of Wisconsin, who was formerly on the Illinois Faculty, thought that the latter institution had been built

The Illini go purposefully about their daily ways. An unwritten but well-understood and accepted code proscribes loitering on the campus during the hours of work

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up under former executives in too precise and military a way for the best interests of a civil institution. Those who made up the University community at Madison, he thought, were freer, happier, more democratic in moods and occupations. The very spirit that the Illini value as their pervading asset he considered of doubtful importance. Similar opinions are held in other university centers brought in various ways into comparison with Illinois. The answer depends upon satisfactory definitions of freedom, happiness, and democracy.

Certainly the impressions of a brief visit are all in favor of the battle-cry of freedom. No people are so willing to shackle their liberty as those who love it, provided always they do it themselves and that it is for some cause generally recognized to be good. No ordinance could keep cigarette butts off the campus lawns of Urbana. Public opinion polices them clean as a battleship's decks. No Honor Code, like that bred up from the soil of the Old Dominion in the University of Virginia, could dominate a polyglot body of 12,092 full-time resident students who together make a cross-section of the entire Middle West. Public opinion in that heterogeneous mass must support authority and determine deportment. The Illini spirit is a big element in the public opinion of the democracy of Illinois. Willingly the thousands submit because they will to submit. It is agreement rather than submission—militant agreement. Illinois is bound neither by its own tradition nor by the traditions of other institutions. With all its "militarism," it persists in leaving those intrusted with its educational mission free to attack their problems without bias.

The Provost, as Chief of Staff, represents the same spirit in the University that his most spectacular red-headed buck private illustrates for the delectation of the thousands who attend football games and read the Sunday papers. The Dean of Men's office has hard catalogue blanks filled out in the minutest detail for every student, including "Grange, Harold." Individual attendance checked up on these cards is the Dean's basis for conclusions as to seriousness of purpose—"Illini spirit." Too many young people of both sexes go to college for motives not recognized as serious, without definite purpose—to get social status, a fraternity pin, an athletic letter, or just "an experience." Dean Clark, who took up his duties and opportunities as first Dean of Men in the United States as a life job, has been severely criticised for his "military" methods. He is recognized by the Illini themselves as a unique humanizing influence extending far from undergraduate to graduate years. Friendships built by him have lasted more than forty years. He is entirely unmilitary in that he never "passes the buck," and from eight to ten thousand callers give him that many opportunities to pass it every month.

Resourceful, fine-grained men of patience and vision have built up the personality of Illinois; some in scholarship, some in athletics, others in morale or in the remarkably vigorous religious life of the University—all with the spirit they call "Illini," that sets itself for conflict and welcomes striving for a cause and knows the greatness of overcoming, whether it be of cities or of self. Let the Provost, nominally, stand for them all. Altogether they are accomplishing something in American life which is perhaps best accomplished by enlistment in comradeships of arms—the brotherhood of all kinds and conditions of men united for the robust kind of good causes that have to be fought for.

This is the belief of President David Kinley, of the University of Illinois. When the little corn-fed yellow tram-car starts to cavort out of the University precincts, one of the last tokens left on a visitor's memory is a clearly printed sign, standing on a grassy corner, quoting a sentence from one of the President's addresses. Let it be a valedictory spoken by his University:

"To divide group from group in this Nation is to strike at her very heart."

Trees Where Soldiers Trained

By Major A. M. PRENTISS, General Staff, U. S. A.

The story of a partnership between two departments of the Government for establishing National Forests on military reservations

ONE of the best examples of the "constructive economy" of President Coolidge's Administration is the recent creation of National Forests on military reservations. The problem of what to do with the large war-time training camps and military reservations has been a perplexing one ever since the World War.

At the close of the war the Government found itself in possession of about 1,500,000 acres of land in military reservations, on which millions of dollars had been spent for improvements. The value of the land, on an average, was not more than about ten per cent of what had been expended on these camps. To have salvaged the improvements and returned the lands to private ownership would have involved almost a total loss to the Government, and in the event of another National emergency the Government would have to again go through the whole process of acquiring sites and building new camps. Aside from the great expense involved in this procedure, it would also necessitate a delay of from six months to a year in organizing and training our emergency forces. In a future war we cannot, as in the World War, count upon having allies to hold off the enemy during the period while we are preparing our armies. It was therefore obvious that as many of the training camps should be retained as could be profitably employed in our peace-time military training; and this was the policy adopted by the War Department in accordance with the National Defense Act of June 4, 1920.

Since the return of the Army to a peace basis these camps are mainly used for the summer training of the civilian components—that is, the National Guard, the Organized Reserves, and the trainees of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps and the Citizens' Military Training Camps. This involves the active use of the reservations only during the summer months, and during the remainder of the year there is little or no active military use of them. In some cases a small Regular Army garrison is maintained the year round, but in most cases the camps are altogether abandoned during the winter and placed in the hands of a military caretaker.

Mr. Weeks, from the time he took office as Secretary of War in 1921, made it a policy of the War Department to make as full economic use of military reservations as possible by granting leases for grazing and other agricultural uses wherever it could be done without interfering with the primary military use of the reservation. Upon the suggestion of

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There is a fine young stand of hardwood and pine in the Lee National Forest, Virginia

Colonel W. B. Greeley, Chief of the United States Forest Service, that certain of the larger military reservations were suitable for the production of timber and might be so used without conflicting with their military use, Secretary Weeks actively co-operated with the Secretary of Agriculture in securing from Congress a law permitting the establishment of National Forests on military reservations, which finally resulted in the passage of the Reforestation Act of June 7, 1924.

Secretary Weeks sponsored this movement, not only because of its constructive economic value, but also because he is an ardent advocate of forest protection and is the father of the Forest Conservation Act of March, 1911. This act, known as the "Weeks Law," paved the way for the establishment of National Forests in the Eastern States, where none had theretofore existed.

Since the passage of the Reforestation Act of 1924 about fifty military reservations have been considered for National Forests by the joint committee appointed by the Secretary of War and the Secretary of Agriculture for this purpose, and eighteen National Forests have been created by Executive Order.

On each military reservation where a National Forest has been established the War Department has excluded from the National Forest only such lands as were subject to intensive military use; that is, the sites of military installations, such as barracks and quarters, warehouses, and other improvements, and lands more or less constantly in use for military purposes, such as drill grounds, target ranges, etc. On this page is a list of military reservations on which National Forests have been created.

These new forests were put under administration of the Forest Service on July 1. The finances of the Forest Service permit only a skeleton organization at first. It is the duty of the Forest officers assigned to these reservations to take stock of the resources, particularly the timber, in order that plans for the disposal of the mature timber and the reforestation of the remaining portions may be worked out with the military authorities in accordance with the working agreements between the two Departments. The organization of the fire-protective system will require considerable attention, since there must be a co-ordination of the forestry work with the military uses of the reservation.

The question may be asked what does the establishment of National Forests on military reservations mean to the country, and how does it fit in with the Forest Service programme of forest extension? From the military view-point, reforestation provides a happy answer to the question of how we shall keep our large military reservations busy and at the same time make them available for military purposes. But this is perhaps not the greatest significance of this move. The Reforestation Act of June, 1924, was the result of an insistent public demand for a comprehensive development of our fast disappearing forest resources. Under present conditions, it is only a matter of simple arithmetic to estimate the end of our forest resources if vigorous and effective measures are not taken materially to improve our timber production. The larger forested military reservations are usually located within a reasonable distance of farming communities, and this presents an opportunity for the demonstration of the principles of forestry to the maximum number of people. This affords the Forest Service an opportunity to practice forestry in typical regions not heretofore covered by National Forests.

Reservation	Gross Area	Military Area	National Forest Area
Fort Benning, Ga.	96,664	18,104	78,560
Camp McClellan, Ala.	18,800	3,450	15,350
Camp Jackson, S. C.	20,483	258	20,225
Camp Lee, Va.	7,177	None	7,177
Fort Eustis, Va.	5,865	1,645	4,220
Fort Humphreys, Va.	4,489	1,305	3,184
Camp Meade, Md.	7,451	2,726	4,725
Camp Dix, N. J.	7,929	1,144	6,785
Tobyhanna Target Range, Pa.	21,100	230	20,870
Camp Upton, N. Y.	6,243	89	6,154
Pine Plains Reservation, N. Y.	10,308	508	9,800
Camp Knox, Ky.	31,390	8,730	22,660
Savanna Proving Ground, Ill.	13,170	2,460	10,710
Fort Brady Target Range, Mich.	2,960	280	2,680
Fort Meade Timber Reservation, S. D.	5,394	None	5,394
Fort Russell Maneuver Reservation, Wyo.	56,140	3,320	52,820
Fort Huachuca, Ariz.	49,805	17,170	32,635
Fort Wingate, N. M.	83,200	32,640	50,560
Total	448,568	94,059	354,509

In addition to the foregoing there are certain advantages in creating National Forests on military reservations that accrue to the people of the localities in which these reservations are situated. When lands are set aside for military use, they are withdrawn from local taxation and production, with consequent loss of revenue to the State, county, and local communities adjacent to the reservation. Under existing National Forest laws, however, this situation is partially remedied. The Forest Service is permitted to exploit the land within any National Forest by growing and selling timber, by grazing, and by other agricultural use; and twenty-five per cent of all proceeds derived from such activities are made available to the counties in which the Forest is located for the maintenance of county roads and schools. Another ten per cent is available for the building and maintenance of roads and trails in the National Forest, in addition to a share of the Federal funds appropriated for this purpose. In many cases the financial help which the counties and local communities thus derive more than compensates them for the loss of taxes.

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The Real Peace of Versailles

By Professor CHARLES SAROLEA

Professsor Sarolea foresaw the World War. He now foresees a World Peace. A reassuring article

WE are constantly being told by pessimistic writers that the appalling sacrifices incurred in the World War have been incurred in vain, that the world has been made no wiser, that nations have learned nothing and forgotten nothing, that there is today more explosive material accumulating all over Europe than there ever existed before 1914, and that therefore we are heading straight for another and more destructive conflagration. I confess that, however anxious the problems which confront us may be, I cannot agree with those pessimists. Politically at least, we may safely assert that the Peace of Versailles does mark an enormous advance on the road of human progress.

Won Through the War

IT has been allotted to the present generation to witness what does not happen once in a thousand years—the death struggles of many mighty empires and the almost simultaneous birth struggles of many new nations. In the first place, as the result of that Peace Treaty four military despotisms have fallen with a great fall. And if it be true that despotic military empires are in their very nature evil things, then their destruction must surely be considered as a blessing. In the second place, a dozen young states have emerged on the ruins of the destroyed empires. And if it be true that the aspirations of those small nations were legitimate, if it be true also that humanity owes most of its civilization to the activities of very small nationalities, if we owe our religion to the small state called Palestine, if we owe our science and philosophy to the small state called Greece, if we owe our art to the small states of Italy and Belgium, and our liberties to the small states of Switzerland, Holland, and Scotland, then again we are entitled to say that the emergence of those new nationalities in Central Europe may ultimately prove to be a notable step in the political progress of man.

And, last but not least, we may reasonably expect that those small new states will be driven irresistibly by the instinct of self-preservation to co-operate and to combine, to sink their rivalries and jealousies, to join their forces, and thus gradually to create those political conditions out of which alone a future federation of Europe can eventually arise. Federal government is already supreme in one-half of the civilized world. This further development of the federal principle, whatever form it may be destined to take, must again be looked upon as a definite political advance in the right direction.

Central Europe Settling Down

WE may add that the recent history of the so-called succession or secession states gives us no reasons for being pessimistic with regard to the future, and that, on the contrary, it gives us many reasons for being optimistic. If we go back in imagination to the spring of 1919 and try to visualize the conditions which then existed all over southern, central, and eastern Europe, we may look upon a scene of unutterable confusion and despair, which I have tried to describe in my recent book, "Impressions of Soviet Russia." In Bavaria Kurt Eisner had established Soviet rule, and hostages were being indiscriminately massacred by the Bolsheviki of Munich. In Hungary Bela Kun had ushered in the "red terror" at Budapest, which was shortly to be succeeded by a "white terror." Jugoslavia was coming to blows with Italy and with the supporters of Gabriele d'Annunzio at Fiume. Czechoslovakia was clashing with Poland, and the first skirmishes had actually started at Teschen. A dozen little wars were taking place in southern and central Europe, while in the Russian East the Red Army was eagerly awaiting the opportunity to mobilize and support the forces of anarchy.

Those were the days when the diplomats of the old school, like the political writers, were shaking their heads, asking troublesome questions, and uttering forecasts of evil. Under such conditions, they solemnly proclaimed, it was impossible for the young succession states to survive. The break-up of the Hapsburg monarchy, they declared, had been worse than a moral crime—it had been a stupid political blunder. The intoxicating wine of liberty had gone to the heads of the new young states. They had been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

It has turned out, however, that none of those ugly and sinister prophecies which these old-school diplomats foretold has actually been verified. Indeed, it is the very reverse which has happened. It is the Great Powers which have been drawing apart, which have been threatened by disintegration. On the contrary, the new states have drawn together, are being consolidated. While the Great Powers were quarreling the succession states were making up their quarrels.

Successful Succession

OF all the so-called secession or succession states which have been established on the ruins of the empires of the Hapsburg, of the Hohenzollern, and of the Romanoff, probably the most interesting, and certainly by far the most successful, has been the Republic of Czechoslovakia. And yet if we had been asked seven years ago which state seemed to have the smallest chance of survival, we would probably have been tempted to answer that Czechoslovakia had the worst odds against her. For the new Republic had many heterogeneous and discordant elements in her composition. Out of an aggregate population of fourteen millions, three million and a half were disloyal Germans, and nearly two million were Magyars, Jews, and Ruthenians. She was surrounded on almost every frontier by hostile neighbors. A landlocked country without an outlet to the sea, whatever Shakespeare may have said to the contrary, Czechoslovakia, with her huge industrial area which needed a world market, was at the mercy of unfavorable tariffs. Yet this state, without any previous experience, with one of the densest labor populations in the world, has overcome every crisis, she has weathered every storm. She has produced a galaxy of illustrious patriots such as Stepanik, Rasin, Benes, President Masaryk—statesmen worthy of a world stage. She has attained a stable currency and a stable government. And, so far from having become a cause of international trouble, Czechoslovakia has been a factor steadily working for peace, she has entered into a working understanding with all her former enemies.

That Ugly Double-Barreled Name

MUCH, however, as I admire the achievements of the Republic of Czechoslovakia, there is one thing which I have difficulty in getting reconciled with, namely, the strange appellation which was given her on her political baptism. I know that this double-barreled

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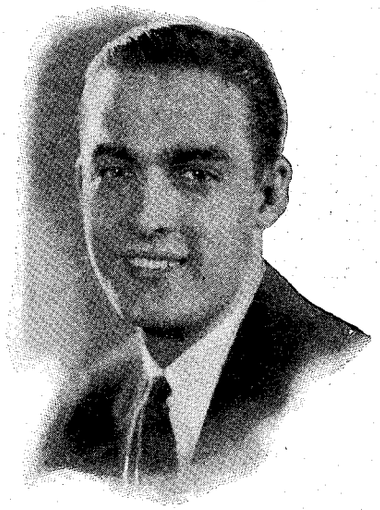

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name has been coined on the historical analogy of Austria-Hungary and Jugo-slavia. But I do not like the combination Czechoslovakia any more than I would like the combination Gallo-Scoto-Anglia as an accurate description of Great Britain. The word Czechoslovakia is unwieldy and ugly. It is artificial, and it emphasizes the lack of unity in the component elements. It also is bound to be increasingly offensive to the three and a half million Germans who are citizens of the new state. If the Czechs choose to adopt the designation Czecho-slovakia in order that the terminal appendage Slovakia may serve as a concession to the Slovakian population, why should they not be consistent, go one step further in order to conciliate the Ruthenians, the Teutons, and the Moravians, and call their country Czecho-Slovako-Rutheno-Moravo-Teutonia.

A New Old Name

CERTAINLY, if I had been called in at the baptism of the new state, I would far rather have stuck to the good old name of Bohemia. "Bohemia" has a familiar sound. It has acquired associations which are rather pleasant and exhilarating than otherwise. Moreover, Bohemia is not a controversial racial definition; rather is it a geographical and historical description, which therefore cannot be objected to by any of the component ethnic elements. Above all, the name of Bohemia reminds us of the essential fact that the new state is not an artificial creation of diplomacy, but that it is the resurrection of one of the most ancient commonwealths of Europe, whose history is closely bound up with the history of Europe.

A Country of Tragic Memories

IF ever a small nation did receive from Providence a special mission, the Czechs seem to have been singled out as the champions of religious and political freedom. For a thousand years they fought, not for power or wealth, but for their spiritual possessions, for their language and their religion. And they fought, not only for their own liberties, but for the liberties of Europe.

And how romantic and inspiring are the annals of that gallant little Bohemian nation! How many tragic memories are called up in our minds since the Kingdom of Bohemia arose in the early Middle Ages! We think of blind King John, the hero of the Hundred Years' War, the flower of chivalry, charging at the Battle of Crécy into the thickest of the fight. We think of John Huss dying at the stake, the noblest of Christian reformers. We think of that other blind hero, John Ziska, the Oliver Cromwell of Central Europe, the creator of modern tactics, leading his victorious legions against overwhelming numbers. We think of Henry Beaufort, Cardinal Bishop of Winchester, and Saint Joan of Arc, both joining in preaching an international crusade against the indomitable Bohemian heretics. We think of that other great Czech warrior and adventurer, Wallenstein or Waldstein, immortalized by the poet Schiller, retrieving the fortunes of the Hapsburg Empire. We think of the beginnings of the Hussite wars and the Thirty Years' War in the Bohemian capital, and of that strange method of "defenestration" which the citizens of Prague employed in order to get rid of their political opponents, namely, by throwing them out of the window of a palace or a town hall. We think of the Winter King of Bohemia, the husband of an ill-fated Stuart princess and destined by an irony of fate to become the founder of the last dynasty of British kings. We think of the Seven Years' War of Frederick the Great and of the Seven Weeks' War of William I. We think of Austerlitz and the most glorious campaign of Napoleon. We think of those six hundred long and terrible years of unceasing warfare in every sphere of political and private activity between the German giant and the Czech dwarf, when little Bohemia, even more than Belgium, was the battle-ground of Europe and when her plains were being constantly devastated by invading hosts and sodden with the blood of her children.

Prague and Edinburgh

ALL that wonderful history, all those heroic struggles in the noblest of causes, can be studied and deciphered until this day, written as they are in marble and granite in the palaces and castles of Prague, the Bohemian capital. Prague is a wonderful archæological museum, an epic in stone, reminding one of Edinburgh, equally beautiful, equally full of memories, and, like Edinburgh, dominated by a fortress perched on a rock; Prague, the Golden City—Zlata Praha—a casket of precious jewels, a link between East and West, a metropolis situated at the crossroads of civilization.

The Scotland of Central Europe

I HAVE associated the names of Prague and Edinburgh. I might even more appropriately associate Czechoslovakia and Scotland. Indeed, the simplest way to give to a British student a vivid and concrete idea of what Czechoslovakia stands for in history is to describe her as the Scotland of Central Europe.

Like Scotland, Czechoslovakia is a

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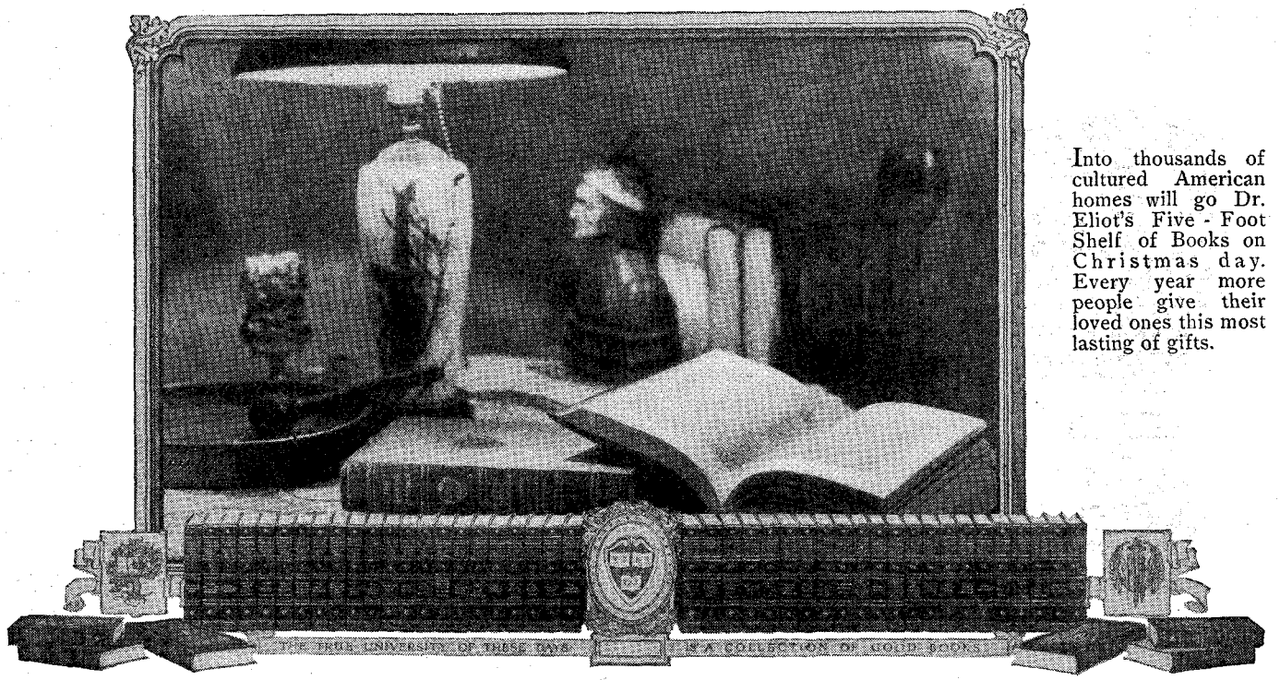

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small state which played in modern civilization a part altogether disproportionate to its size.

Like Scotland, Czechoslovakia is the meeting-place of two races. Like Scotland, the people of Czechoslovakia have had to wage a centennial struggle against an hereditary enemy.

Like Scotland, Czechoslovakia has known all the vicissitudes of glory and humiliation. She had to go through long dark ages of poverty before she was to enter on an era of prosperity.

Like Scotland, the Bohemians ever had a queer and almost uncanny passion for theological disputations, and John Huss holds in Bohemian history an even more important place than John Knox in Scottish history.

Like the Scotch people, the Czechs have in modern times asserted themselves in the arts of peace as they once were great in the arts of war. And, like the Scotch, from a fighting people they have in the present day become an industrial power of the first magnitude.

The Real Bohemians

THE analogy between the Scotch and the Bohemians can be followed up even in the character and dispositions of the people. In this connection I must admit that the old word Bohemian might give to the Britisher an entirely mistaken notion about the Czech temperament. In the fifteenth century the hatred of the Hussite or Bohemian heretics was so bitter that the French and the English gave the name of Bohemian to the most despised of European tribes, namely, the gypsies. In more recent times novelists like Murger in his "Vie de Bohême" and like Du Maurier in "Trilby," and composers like Puccini have associated the name of Bohemian with the idea of the free, undisciplined artistic life. But nothing could well be more unlike the legendary Bohemian of Murger, Du Maurier, and Puccini than the modern Czech. The modern Czech has many of the characteristics of the modern Scot. He has no attractive vices and he has many unattractive virtues. So far from being sentimental, he is hard-working and hard-headed. So far from being gay and frivolous, he is dour and generally in deadly earnest. So far from being easy-going and erratic, he is tenacious of purpose, he has learned from his German enemies the value of discipline. So far from having the charm of the artist, the Czech is singularly devoid of the outward graces. Indeed, it takes some time to discover the solid qualities—the honesty and the loyalty—under the ungainly exterior and the abrupt manner of the modern Bohemian.

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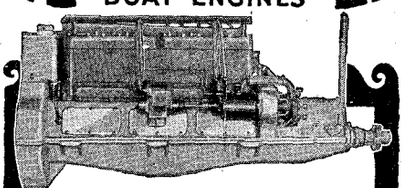

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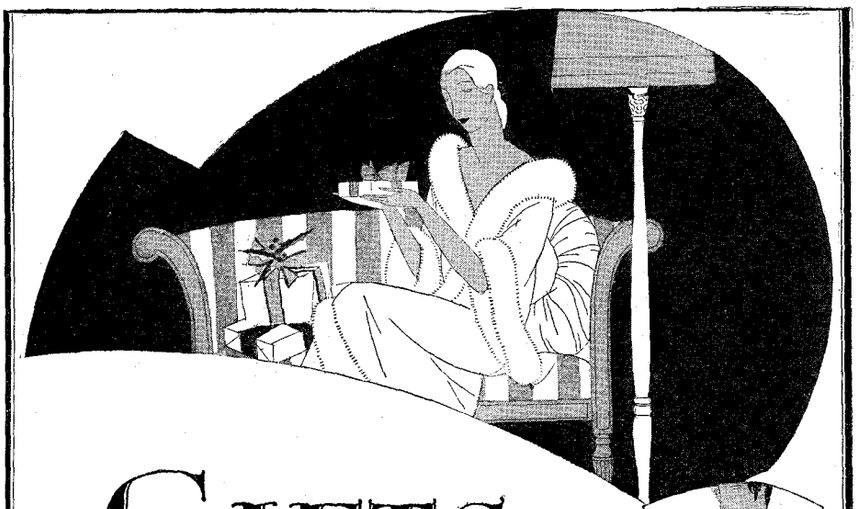
BUT Czechoslovakia has not only a surpassing historical interest as one of the centers of past European history; she is probably destined to play an equally important part as the capital of a future Slavonic civilization. For more than a thousand years the Czechs have been the champions of the Slav ideal. In the year 862, in the distant days of King Alfred the Great, two clerical brothers from Salonika, Cyril and Methodius, were sent as missionaries to Moravia and Bohemia by the Greek Emperor of Constantinople; they invented the so-called Cyrillic characters and script, and laid the foundation of that common Slavonic language which is to-day the spiritual bond of 250,000,000 Europeans. Ever since Czechoslovakia has remained the outpost of the Slav world against the inroads of the Teutonic enemy. The Great War was only the last episode in that age-long struggle. Hitherto the Slavs had generally been beaten in the conflict. They had been the hewers of wood and the drawers of water for their alien masters. The Slav was looked upon as the born slave. At last the various Slav nations have come into their inheritance. They have been the real victors of the Great War.

Unwittingly and unwillingly we have been fighting their battles. Whereas the war at first sight may appear as a conflict between Germany and Britain, or between Germany and France, in reality it has been mainly a conflict between the Teuton and the Slav. For, while the war has produced relatively few territorial changes in Great Britain and in France, it has revolutionized the political geography of the Slavonic world. The Peace Treaty has compelled the Germanic Powers to surrender the Slav lands which they had appropriated for generations. It has called into being no less than four new Slav states; namely, Jugoslavia, Poland, Lithuania, and Czechoslovakia. When the big Russian brother finally emerges from his terrible ordeal, when he takes once more his proper place in the European commonwealth, we may expect that the sister Slav nationalities—the Poles, the Lithuanians, the Serbians, the Croats, the Slovenes, the Bulgarians, the Macedonians, and last, not least, the Czechoslovaks—will enter as equal members into a vast Slavonic federation which may become a decisive factor for international peace and which will certainly be a most important factor in European civilization.

Very probably the twentieth century will not be the century of the Latin or of the Teuton; it will be the century of the Slav.



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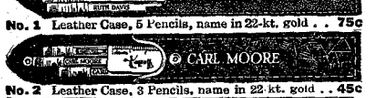

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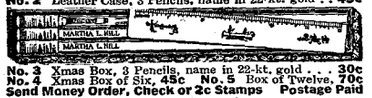

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More Souls and Mr. Bradford

A Review by H. W. BOYNTON

THERE was a time at the beginning of this century when biography seemed to be pretty thoroughly supplanted in popular esteem by its upstart relative, fiction. This was partly the fault of biography, which had let itself become slack and dull, as the novel became animated and circumstantial. A "Life" of this or that fellow-being was little more than a formal and often perfunctory record of externals. It began to be assumed that the imaginative interpretation of human nature and character would almost necessarily deal with imaginary persons. This condition is changing, has changed already, if less sweepingly than one might think from the "Confessions of a Biographer," which introduce Gamaliel Bradford's new book. He exults that "biography is much in fashion at present." He cites the "brilliant and fascinating studies of Mr. Strachey" and the mass of other biographical publications, all of which now get some sort of recognition. And he goes on to declare his creed as a biographer, for this chapter is more a confession of faith than a confession of fault, this being the norm with literary "confessions."

Mr. Bradford makes plain his great zest and his high regard for his job. It is a job for an expert, for an artist: "The biography must be made interesting, must be made beautiful, must be a well composed, designed, combined, and finished performance." A biographer can no more be absolutely objective and disinterested than any other artist. He has to strive for the truth against his own tastes and predispositions. He has to delve and select and discard among clumsy masses of document and foggy drifts of legend. Yet the born biographer loves his pains. "The fascination of his task is incomparable and grows with his deeper comprehension of its growing difficulty. Of all the studies of the world there is none more fascinating than this of the individual soul." In this spirit, with this gusto and keenness, Mr. Bradford has essayed the seven studies which make up the present book.[1]

The subjects are all wives of prominent Americans—of Lincoln, Benedict Arnold, James Madison, Jefferson Davis, Ben Butler, and James G. Blaine; all except Theodosia Burr, who as a wife was Theodosia Allston. For it is as Burr's daughter that she really finds place in these pages. As a personality, she seems to me the weakest exhibit of the lot; a charming creature, no doubt, a devoted wife and an infatuated daughter, but without signs of other distinction so far as we can discover them in this record of her life and these extracts from her correspondence. Burr is a favorite theme with Mr. Bradford, and largely for his sake he is interested in the ardent, visionary, high-flown filial devotee whose fondest dream was to see her father monarch of a great Mexican Empire.

Of Benedict Arnold's wife also, as a personality, we get a relatively colorless impression. We can readily number her traits: the somewhat spoiled charm of her girlhood, her worldliness, her practical energy, her fortitude, her vanity, her faculty of ignoring the uncomfortable and the unseemly, her bland and blind devotion to the fickle Arnold as "best of husbands" and as man of honor. Egotism, the biographer intimates, may be the mainspring of the whole mechanism. When Arnold is attacked or impugned, "she leaps to defend, not so much him, as herself, her judgment, her choice, her love." Lovely Peggy Shippen, of Philadelphia, could never have made a bad match!

The papers on Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Davis offer a sort of duplex study (like a medal with two faces) of the two leading ladies in the Civil War drama. We see Mary Todd Lincoln as a pretty, hard, ambitious little Southern provincial: "Mrs. Lincoln married Lincoln with condescension and hope that he might rise to her level, or even above it. He did, and so far as to be altogether beyond her limited power of ascent." And she never could understand in what way, or how far, he was above her. She was something of a reader in polite letters, she "had also a nimble gift of words, and wrote with ease when she wished." But her husband's rich, deep homespun humor was beyond her, and there is no evidence that his mystery and grandeur

[1] Wives. By Gamaliel Bradford. Harper & Brothers, New York. $3.50.

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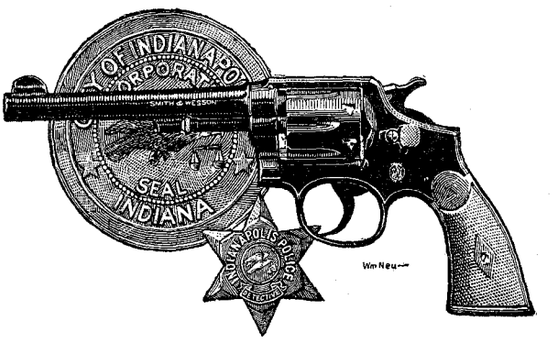
ever impressed her. Mrs. Davis was a woman of warmer nature, of less measured discretion, not quite a member of the Southern aristocracy, a little condescended to by her servants. Yet she was highly ambitious, for her husband even more than for herself. His downfall broke her heart; and, though she outlived him many years, it was as a mere ghost and memory of him.

For their own sakes, as women of uncommon force and charm in their several ways, the three remaining subjects in this group seem to me best worth knowing: Dolly Madison, Mrs. Butler, and Mrs. Blaine. The famous and engaging Dolly we have known; this portrait but makes her more clear and real. But the personalities behind the names of Mrs. Benjamin F. Butler and Mrs. James G. Blaine are to most of us unsuspected. Mr. Bradford's presentation and interpretation of these two remarkable women are the real feats of this volume. Fortunately, both were letter-writers, and it is largely from their correspondence that we get our memorable impression of them: of Butler's wife, emotional, ambitious, a great lover, avid and generous, cramped by her period and her environment, devoted in everything to her mate, in whose greatness she ardently believed; Blaine's wife, in some ways so marked a contrast, devoted to her man's career, but witty, a little skeptical, self-contained, analytical even of her husband and yet devoted to "the best man she had ever thoroughly known." To him, certainly, she owed the development of her nature: "It was through that association that her life became so ample and splendid as it was, so wide and picturesque and intensely varied with joy and sorrow." A fine instance of well-rounded womanhood in the despised Victorian time.

Fiction

"DAWGS!" Edited by Charles Wright Gray. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $2.50.

"Dawgs!" is a well-rounded collection of stories, ranging all the way from battling bulldogs to crêpe-de-chine lapdogs. To mention stories about dogs is to think at once of Albert Payson Terhune, to whom the book is dedicated, and one of his best, "The Grudge," is in it, with a blood-curdling fight between a loyal collie and a great black wolf dog from the hills. The first story in the book, "As a Dog Should," by Charles Alexander, tells how great can be the valor of the weak. A little white streak of a dog, "Ump," has one great moment. Some dogs, like some people, are born to be heroes, and to the dog in "Being a Public Character," by Don Marquis, fame is as necessary as Hamburg steak.



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PORGY. By Du Bose Heyward. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

The grotesque glamour of Catfish Row with its mirth-provoking incongruities and its gaudy celebrations, the languor of the Southern atmosphere, the brooding tenderness on the lined face of old Peter, the swelling rhythm of Negro voices chanting solemn requiems for their dead, or prayers when the hurricane tears at their low-down shanties—these are some of the colorful scenes of Charleston Negro life. Porgy is a crippled beggar—an aristocrat at the trade. At night he plays his rôle of lucky nigger tossing the "little stars." Bess gives up her use of "happy dust" and liquor for love of Porgy, and turns from sinful ways—temporarily.

The spiritual quality of the ageless Porgy, with his visionary look of waiting and watching the world pass by, makes him a personality above his fellow-mendicants and a legend in the whites' neighborhood. In the end his mellow mood is broken; Porgy's patience and faith have brought him only suffering. The book is a Negro classic; it has fine moral tone and its highly individualized characters are creations. It ends on a high emotional plane with a single impression—the bent solitary figure of Porgy ironically surveying the universe.

Religion

THE MAN CHRIST JESUS: A LIFE OF CHRIST. By W. J. Dawson. The Century Company, New York. $3.

This book was first published a quarter of a century ago. Mr. Dawson had then twenty years' experience as an evangelical minister in London and Glasgow. Out of them had come the strong desire to interpret Jesus "in the terms of the modern mind." For a long time he studied the Gospels with this in view, and a journey to the Holy Land completed his preparation. Then, in a mood of high emotion, he wrote his narrative. He wished "to restore Fra Angelico and to dethrone Michelangelo"—that is, to restore the vision of Jesus as a sweet and gracious being instead of a presence of "inhuman majesty."

Now, after so many years, he believes that the world still needs this Jesus Christ. He again offers his book without revision, though with "a few minor corrections." Now, as originally, he accepts the orthodox view of the Gospel story. He chose then to make nothing of controversial and "theological" matters, and he makes nothing of them now. The processes of the higher criticism and the theories of Modernism might never have been, so far as they are recognized in these pages. What we have is an eloquent presentation of the personality and career of Jesus as he lived in the flesh, with all the mystical heightening wherewith the worship of twenty centuries has endowed him. Bishop Slattery, of Massachusetts, has rightly characterized the work, not as a rival of the great scholarly studies of the Christ, but as an excellent book "for devotional reading."

Biography

THE DREAMER. A Romantic Rendering of the Life of Edgar Allan Poe. By Mary Newton Stanard. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $3.50.

"The Dreamer" is a reprint of a book for some years out of print, but for which the demand has never quite ceased, and of which second-hand copies have already acquired something of a fancy value. It was written fifteen years ago, but the style and atmosphere suggest a much earlier period, even one contemporary with its subject. Frankly a romantic rendering of the life of Poe, neither novel nor biography, its romanticism—of a rhapsodical, ornate type one feels at once impossible to any writer not Southern-born—seems as inevitably and sincerely the literary attitude of the author as that which characterized the contributors to early Victorian Keepsakes and Annual Garlands. The book is indeed romantic to the saturation point. Were a reviewer of the present willing to revert to the gall which alternated with honey in that era of a criticism as often savage as fulsome, it would be all too easy by selecting a few extreme examples here and there, underlined or pointed with exclamations and with a sneering comment or so thrown in, to make the whole book appear merely silly and absurd. It is often both. But Poe, with all his gifts, was himself a ro-

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mantic who thought, felt, suffered, and wrote in extremes; who fell not infrequently into absurdities of extravagance and sillinesses of sentimentality. Mrs. Stanard, despite her faults of over-emphasis, over-sweetness, over-bitterness, over-ingenuity in dovetailing her hero's literary phrases and fancies into the framework of his life, has yet an imagination that plays with illuminating if theatric effect on the larger facts and probabilities, however much it magnifies or distorts the lesser. True, he who reads her book must be prepared to pick his way on stepping-stones from chapter to chapter through a flowing river of sentimentality and romantic exaggeration, but, though he may laugh or jeer or mentality and romantic exaggeration; a dozen times, it is unlikely he will not keep on to the end; and he will have acquired, moreover, by the time he gets there, a very definite conception of the character of Edgar Allan Poe, even though it may not coincide at all points with the author's intention. The book, in short, gets a curious, clinging hold upon the reader its pages have once ensnared. Unless the present edition, which is issued in excellent form with few but good illustrations, is an extremely large one, it would not be surprising if in another fifteen or twenty-five or fifty years copies should again and more eagerly be sought as collectors' prizes, and a new edition called for. Mrs. Stanard, it must in fairness be stated, is an authority on the facts of Poe's career and the editor of a recently discovered group of his letters. She knows thoroughly what she is talking about; but she views her subject from an angle and talks about it in a language as remote from that either of modern biographers, modern novelists, or moderns of any kind as are the eighteen forties of Poe's prime from the nineteen twenties in which we live.

Travel and Description

CHINESE FANTASTICS. By Thomas Steep. The Century Company, New York. $2.

"Chinese Fantastics," true to its name, is a series of short sketches about some of the strange customs and stranger manners of the Chinese people. How fantastic some of them seem to us may be imagined when, in a chapter called "Topsyturvydom," the author reminds us that in China one eats dessert before meals, not after; that in building a Chinese house the roof is constructed first; while of course books, as well as the familiar laundry tickets, are read from the back forwards. We have all seen ludicrous signs like the one of the barber described in the amusing chapter on

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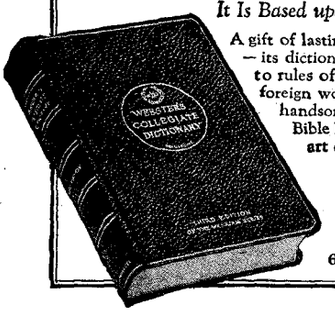

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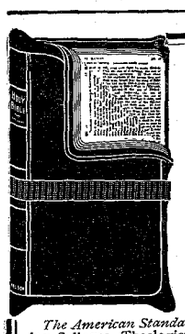

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The book is delicately humorous and filled throughout with the charm and beauty of old China. There is a chapter, "Down the Yangtze," that is a sharply etched picture of that busy river where Li Tai-po, China's great lyric poet, is said to have drowned himself trying to catch in it the reflection of the moon. The story of the Manchu maid, Yehonala, afterwards Empress Dowager Tzu Hsi, is a delightful picture of a queen who, if she kept eighty-five clocks going at once in her throne room and was an expert at flying kites, also extended the postal service, supported a university, encouraged foreign trade, and herself devised a plan for the gradual elimination of opium-smoking. This amazing contemporary of Queen Victoria cultivated her own turnip patch in the palace grounds, and always went out to view it, sometimes even pulling a turnip or two herself. On these occasions she dressed in her official robes and was attended by twenty-six eunuchs. There is, as there should be, a chapter on jade, and one on fans. The book is full of innumerable bits of Oriental superstition and fancy—about the little musical whistles attached to the tails of pigeons, making aerial harmonies in the sky, the story of the great bell of China, and the rise and fall of the pigtail. All these and many other things are described by a man who surely knows and loves China.

Law

THE ANATOMY OF THE LAW. By Adolph J. Rodenbeck. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $4.

Here is an attempt to simplify the study of law. The whole body of the law is analyzed into its parts, and these parts are classified to show their logical relationship to one another. It is thus a comprehensive survey of the principles, rules, standards, and doctrines of the law. Schematic diagrams help the exposition. It is with becoming modesty that the author offers his excellent book; he hopes that it may stimulate an interest in the subject which may lead to a better classification. A more skillful artist, he believes, "may paint a picture of the law in all of its variety and detail, accuracy of perspective, and beauty of design and

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color." But such a consummation may not come for many years. In the meantime the seeker of solutions to some of the painful riddles of the law will find in this book a wise and helpful mentor.

Art

ART OUT OF DOORS. By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

The value of Mrs. Van Rensselaer's book on outdoor art has long been recognized. At the time of its first publication a pioneer in its field, it has held its place unsurpassed by any of the newer books upon the same theme, addressed to-day to a more eager and less unsophisticated public than that of its first appearance, when the iron stag or the central round bed of variegated coleus on the lawn were still fairly representative of the general taste. The present edition of Mrs. Van Rensselaer's little classic, which because it deals essentially with underlying principles, and with details chiefly as illustration, yet remains easily the last word upon its subject, as it was the first, contains three supplemental chapters, bringing it up to date in such minor ways as the lapse of thirty years had made desirable.

Business

CONFERENCES, COMMITTEES, CONVENTIONS, AND HOW TO RUN THEM. By Edward Eyre Hunt. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.50.

The average small-group business conference, according to current testimony, would seem to be rather a profitless thing, given up to chatter, jest, and personal reminiscence. Here is a book that shows how it can be made fruitful. It is a work on the technique and procedure, not merely of business conferences, but of all sorts of gatherings convened for an exchange of information and opinion. It tells how to arrange for such meetings and how to get from them the maximum of results. Doubtless many persons, hearing of such a book, would be inclined to regard it as not greatly needed; but even the slightest acquaintance with the contents of this compendium will show its value. It is astonishing how much helpful advice on the subject can be assembled.

Miscellaneous

DIPPER HILL. By Anne Bosworth Greene. The Century Company, New York. $2.50.

Anne Bosworth Greene, whose earlier book, "A Lone Winter," many readers will remember, has given it a worthy successor in "Dipper Hill," the record of a busy summer on the same Vermont farm. Her companions, as before, consisted chiefly of Shetland ponies, captivating little beasts of distinct individuality; but there were also Cressy the cow and Goliath the collie—old friends of the "Lone Winter"—together with Charlotte the pig, a newly instituted flower-garden, and two charming young girls of the outdoor type, one American and one English. Mrs. Greene's love for nature and animals is deep-seated, thoroughly tested, and practical, not merely literary; she is no less able to nurse sick colts through distemper and bandage kicking ponies with sprained legs than to write prettily about their sportive gambols in daisied fields. She is one of those fortunately endowed souls who never permit the prose of life to overshadow either its poetry or its fun; for that reason, and because of the easy grace and humor of her style, this, like its predecessor, is a book to enjoy.

Notes on New Books

SEA LIFE IN NELSON'S TIME. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company, New York.

The construction and rigging of ships, and life on board them in the days of the great Admiral.

OUR FEDERAL REPUBLIC. By Harry Pratt Judson. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.

A brief study of the American Constitution by the former President of the University of Chicago. Opposes continual amendments to the Constitution.

THE PRE-SCHOOL AGE. By Minnie Watson Kamm. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.

"A mother's guide to a child's occupation."

ROME OF THE KINGS. By Ida Thallon Hill. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

An archæological study of Rome in the days of the legendary kings.

A WAYFARER IN CZECHO-SLOVAKIA. By E. I. Robson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

Travels in a country which has become doubly interesting since we have learned how to pronounce its name.

ONE THIRD OF A BILL. By Fred Jacob. The Macmillan Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto.

Five short Canadian plays.

HALF-TOLD TALES. By Henry van Dyke. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

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THE REAL BOY AND THE NEW SCHOOL. By A. E. Hamilton. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.50.

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LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY. By William Pierson Merrill. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

By the minister of the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York.

THE MONUMENTS OF CHRISTIAN ROME. By A. L. Frothingham. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.

A handbook of Roman art and architecture in Christian times.

THE RECENT FOREIGN POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES. By George H. Blakeslee. The Abingdon Press, New York. $2.

THE MOTHER OF JESUS. By Rev. Prof. A. T. Robertson. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.

BRITISH POLITICS IN TRANSITION. By Edward McChesney Sait and David P. Barrows. The World Book Company, Yonkers, New York. $1.80.

A text-book of modern British politics.

THURSDAY'S CHILD. By Mary Wiltshire. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

A novel by the author of "Patricia Ellen."

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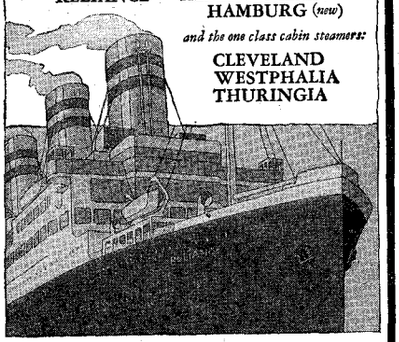

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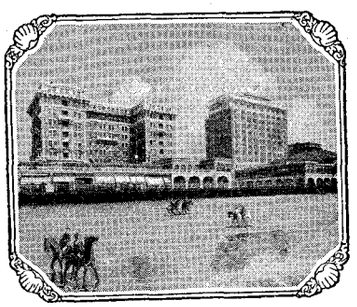

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Rolls and Discs

By LAWRENCE JACOB ABBOTT

ONE reason why the phonograph has not been more popular in the past is that it has always remained aloof—has made its reproductions only in miniature. This has been true even when it has caught tone-quality to perfection. And as a result there has been little emotional appeal in phonograph music. We have not felt "carried away" by recordings of music that has swept concert audiences off their feet. But the improved phonograph no longer sounds far away. And perhaps its greatest contribution to recorded music is that it can produce enough volume—volume all the way down to the bass—to make a climax by a symphony orchestra truly stirring.

In addition to the Orthophonic Victrola, another improved type of talking-machine has been announced, which achieves similar results through electrical amplification by radio tubes. The Brunswick Panatrope and the Victor Electrola are the two examples of this type. Both, we understand, use the same equipment, which is built by the General Electric Company. We have been able to hear only the Panatrope; it seemed to surpass slightly even the Orthophonic Victrola in clarity and freedom from foreign sounds. But any difference between the two types is infinitesimal as compared with the difference between the Orthophonic and the old-style machines. The electrically reproducing machines are also much higher in price.

Phonograph Records

LE CARNAVAL DES ANIMAUX (Saint-Saëns). Played by Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Hamilton Harty. In six parts, on three records. Columbia.

Only recently has this "zoölogical fantasy" been heard in public, for it was not allowed to be published until after the composer's death. It is a delightful example of that rarity in music—humor. There is on the whole so little humor in music that the great public—meaning, of course, neither you nor I, but the rest of them—has not been properly educated in its appreciation. It was pathetic to see the majority of a concert audience sitting in grim solemnity throughout Honegger's "Pacific 231," which was quite evidently to be taken in light vein. "Le Carnaval des Animaux" is broad humor, but also a musicianly work that commands respect. Sometimes it has haunting beauty —as in "The Cuckoo," where a background of two pianos weaves an accompaniment around the two notes of the cuckoo's call. The scoring is well reproduced, especially the piano tone.

MINSTRELS from the First Book of Preludes; THE GOLLIWOGG'S CAKE WALK (Debussy). Played by Leopold Godowsky. Brunswick.

Two whimsical and episodic piano pieces which well illustrate the playful and fertile imagination of Debussy. Godowsky's performance brings these qualities out in strong high-lights. And it is a pleasure to hear the piano so well recorded that it really sounds like a piano. The sharp, barking bass of "Minstrels" is the best piano reproduction we have heard.

GUITARRE (Moszkowski); **NOBODY KNOWS DE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN** (White). Played by Albert Spalding. Brunswick.

Albert Spalding ranks extremely high as a violinist. Even to those claiming to be Kreisler fans it will seem that this American musician is stepping dangerously on Kreisler's toes. This phonograph record—and one thing undeniable about phonograph records is that they are cold and harsh judges of musicianship—furnishes another witness to his mastery over his instrument, his fullness of tone, and excellent shading of expression. "Guitarre" impetuously sweeps through the whole range of the violin. On the other hand, the Negro melody is simple and melodious—but not trashy.

QUARTET IN C MAJOR—Emperor Quartet (Haydn). Played by the London String Quartet. In six parts, on three records. Columbia.

The string quartet form reveals Haydn at his best, and the "Emperor" is as fine as any of his quartets. In the second movement, which consists of variations on the familiar "Austrian Hymn," the four instruments are handled with exquisite perfection. Haydn never seems transcendent—but therefore the limitations of chamber music and of recording detract less from him than might otherwise be true. The London Quartet gives a careful performance.

QUARTET IN G MINOR (Grieg). Played by the New York String Quartet. In two parts, on one record. Brunswick.

Sometimes Grieg attempts to be symphonic in his chamber music, which tends to make the string quartet seem puny and ineffective. But when he fits his style of writing to the medium, his music succeeds in attaining loveliness. Most of the G Minor Quartet can claim this success. It is reproduced with excellent balance and the rich, full tone which is so desirable in chamber music—

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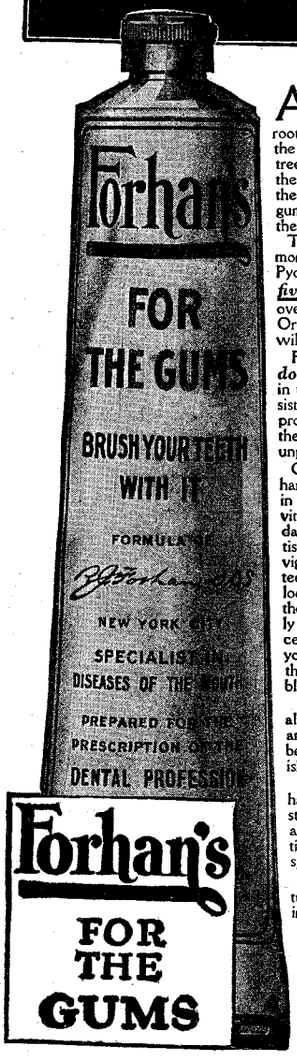
A signal of trouble — tender and bleeding gums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for such music suggests the *salon* rather than a huge auditorium.

FLYING DUTCHMAN OVERTURE (Wagner). Played by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Willem Mengelberg. In two parts, on one record. Victor.

A distinguished performance, well reproduced. The tones of individual instruments are delicate and clear—even to the rumbling of the kettledrums. The overture represents Wagner in a manner in some ways quite unlike that of his later operas. A symphonic style is apparent—at times we catch even traces of Beethoven. But, again, those agitated, mysterious passages give Wagner away.

FANTAISIE IMPROMPTU (Chopin), **CAPRICE** (On *airs de ballet* from the opera "Alceste"). Played by Harold Bauer. Victor.

From the lightning sweep of melody in its opening through a contrasting section of contemplative wistfulness back to the brilliancy with which it started, the "Fantaisie" moves masterfully under the guidance of Mr. Bauer. The "Caprice" forms quite a contrast. It is a simple minuet, with a shimmering, delicate accompaniment—played with a remarkable singing tone.

SYMPHONY IN G MAJOR—Surprise Symphony (Haydn). Played by the New Queen's Hall Orchestra conducted by Sir Henry J. Wood. In five parts, on three records. Columbia.

Papa Haydn's little joke, which gives the symphony its name—that unexpected crashing chord in the andante movement—fails utterly in the record. The reason for that is in the limitations of mechanical recording, which allows far less difference between very soft and very loud passages than does the concert stage. But in spite of that disappointment the symphony has many enjoyable features. In some ways extremely old-fashioned, it succeeds in being for the most part startlingly modern and fresh.

Piano Rolls

THE RING OF THE NIBELUNG—Excerpts from Das Rheingold, Die Walküre, Siegfried, and Die Götterdämmerung, together with separate recordings of leading motives from The Ring (Wagner). Played by Ralph Leopold. On twelve rolls. Duo-Art.

These twelve rolls of music from the four Wagner music-dramas comprising "The Ring" may be obtained separately, but they are really parts of a unit. Mr. Leopold, noted for his Wagnerian lecture-recitals, has skillfully blended the excerpts into continuous "movements." His result is a severe test for Wagner; for the trappings and finery of an opera-house stage, the rich and colorful instrumentation of the Wagner orchestra, the blaring brasses and delcate violin harmonics have been removed. Wagner stands bare. And he suffers considerably from the piano's lack of contrasting tone-colors. It may be heresy to say it, but in more than one spot he sounds like

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Florida's really the *thing* this year, but it is going to do a rushing business a little later on, so you had better make your reservations early. Where would you like to stay? If there's anything you are doubtful about, ask us. We know all the old and the new, the luxurious-at-a-price and the comfortable-but-not-expensive places, and we'll tell you, if you ask us.

Better write to-day!

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P. S.—If not Florida, how about Bermuda, California, or the other Southern States? Or a little invigorating cold weather? Or a cruise? *Any* kind of travel information, on request.

commonplace movie music. Yet in other places, notably in "Siegfried" and the fire music from "Die Walküre," there are remarkably fine effects. Of course, when the true Wagnerite hears these rolls he can fill in the gaps, the orchestral brilliance, and the illusion of a stage setting with his imagination. For him this is a notable group of recordings.

SONATA IN B MINOR, Opus 58 (Chopin). Played by Benno Moiseiwitsch. On four rolls. Ampico.

The first movement has already been available, but the last three are new. There is a *scherzo*, with ripples and sparkling bubbles of tone, a *largo* of motionless quiet but melancholy beauty, and a *presto* of continuous intensity and a breadth and personality that reminds us of Schumann. The sonata is played with the contrast it deserves.

By the Way

AUCTION shops on the Great White Way in New York City are paying rentals as high as $30,000 per year. How do they do it? Some light may be shed on the mystery by the story of one man who recently bid $40 for a ring marked $120, and then took it to a jeweler for appraisal and, after paying the charge of a dollar, found that his possession was worth $20.

A cork from a whisky bottle is being exhibited in a New York club. It is stamped "Edinberg, Scotland." This leads one to believe that it came from a bottle which had been "cut" and that the "cutter" was of Hebrew extraction and a poor speller.

Mother—"You are at the foot of the spelling class again, are you?"
Boy—"Yes'm."
Mother—"How did that happen?"
Boy—"Got too many z's in scissors."

San Francisco, California, can now boast the best-paid short-story writer in the country. The judge of a local police court there asked the prisoner at the bar what his occupation was. "A short-story writer," replied the prisoner. The detective, in stating his complaint against the man in the dock, bore out the prisoner's testimony by replying: "He certainly is a fiction writer. He wrote ten words on a check and collected one hundred and fifty dollars."

From the New York "Telegram:"
"Well, Bunk has retired. He accumulated a big fortune last year."
"How come?"
"He put in junk shops at all important grade crossings."

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